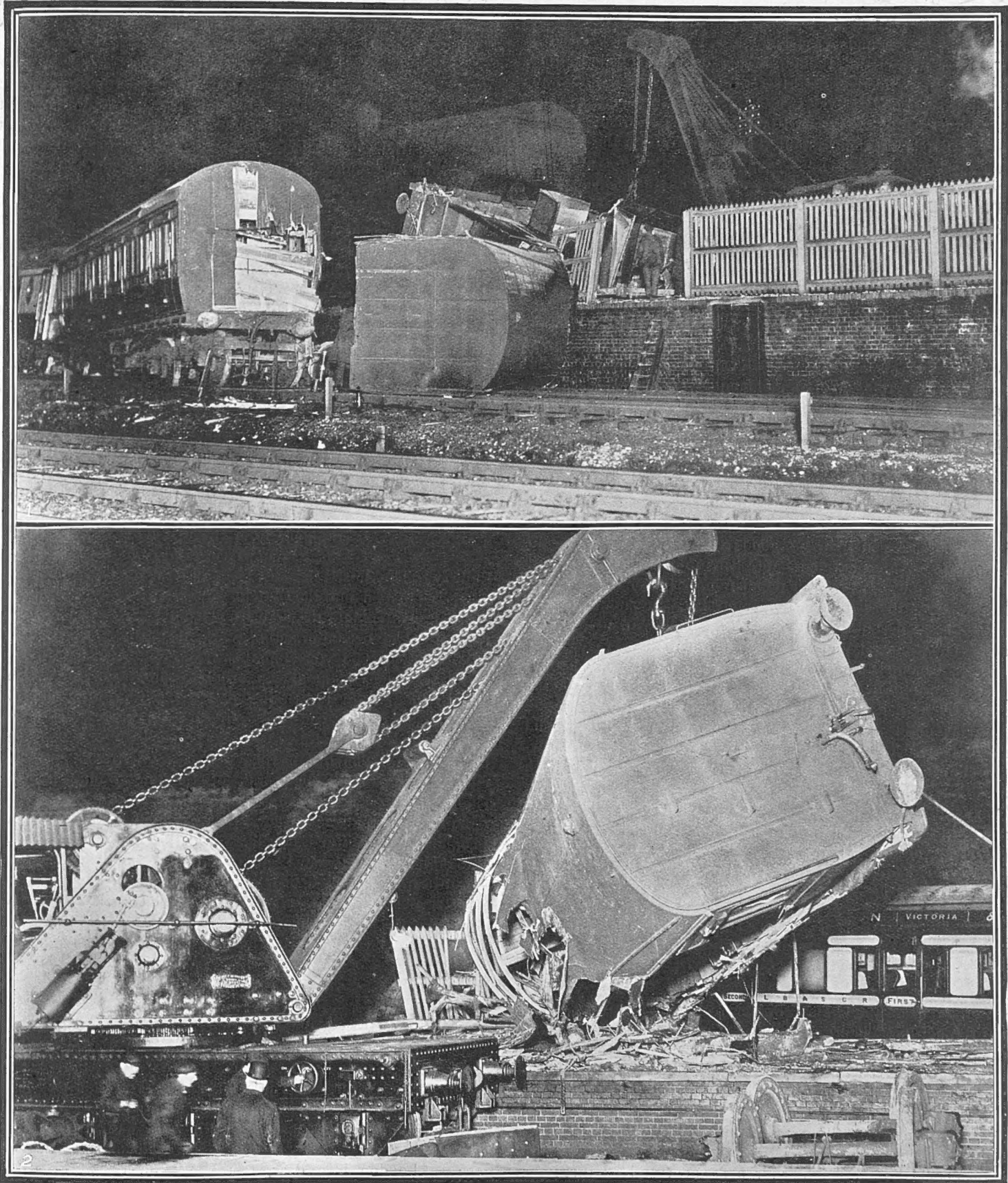


# The Sketch

No. 888.—Vol. LXIX.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 2, 1910.

SIXPENCE.



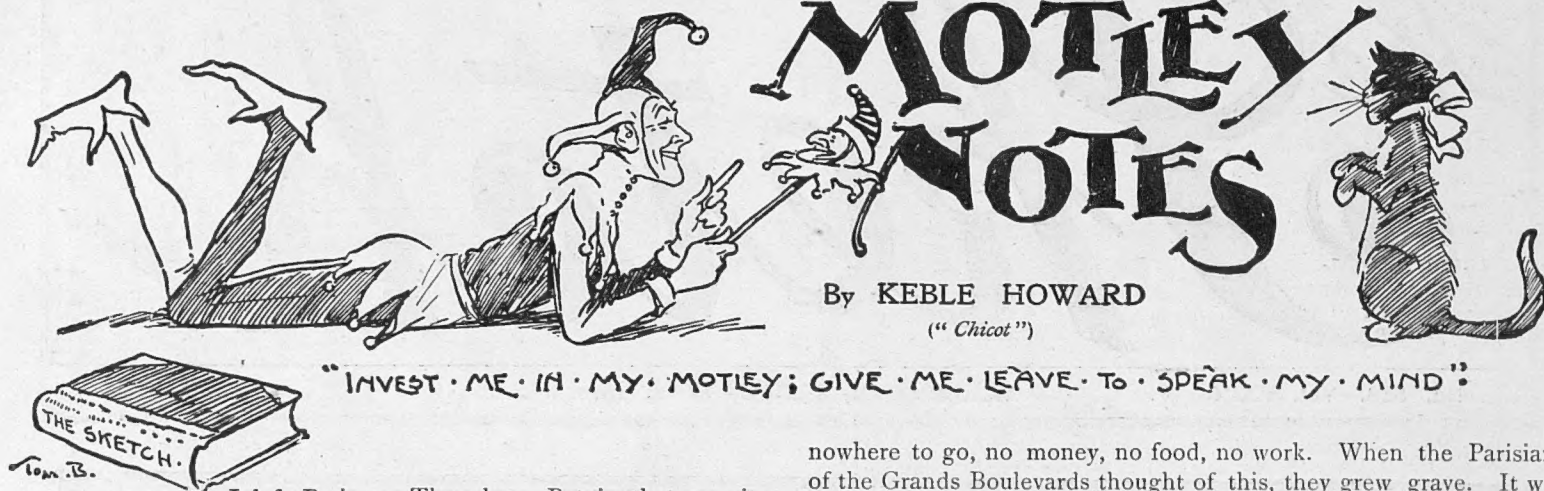
1. THE WRECKAGE OF THE CARRIAGE WITH THE CRANE IN POSITION.

2. THE CARRIAGE AS SEEN FROM THE OTHER SIDE, BEING LIFTED CLEAR OF THE LINE.

## THE DÉBRIS OF A SAD DISASTER—THE WRECKED CARRIAGE OF THE BRIGHTON EXPRESS, WITH THE CRANE BY MEANS OF WHICH IT WAS CLEARED AWAY.

The Brighton to London express met with a terrible accident at Stot's Nest Station, near Croydon, on Saturday afternoon, whilst running at about forty-five miles an hour. The middle carriage of the train jumped the rails, dragging with it the carriages behind, and mounting the platform of the station, overturned. Seven passengers were killed instantaneously, whilst nine others were seriously injured. Most pathetic scenes were witnessed during the work of extricating the victims from beneath the wreckage, a task of extreme difficulty until after the arrival of a giant crane and breakdown gangs from New Cross and Brighton. Our photographs show both sides of the third-class carriage which bore the brunt of the disaster, with the crane in position lifting it clear of the line.—[Photographs by Topical.]





#### On Leaving Paris.

I left Paris on Thursday. Put in that way, it sounds easy enough. I am anxious to give credit, though, where credit is due. In this case, it is due to the engine-driver of the train from the Gare St. Lazare to Dieppe. The C.F.O., you will remember, runs parallel with the Seine as far as Rouen. Obviously, then, the way to see the floods at their grandest is to travel by the C.F.O. (Chemin de Fer de l'Ouest). Leaning back in your seat, safeguarded by the skill and caution of expert engineers, you may behold hundreds of miles of flooded country, whole villages up to their chimneys in water; a deserted scene, white, sunlit, but infinitely pathetic. The great train roars across a bridge, and you have the sensation of tantalising the monster who has terrorised Paris, turned thousands of people from their homes, vanquished all the cunning of one of the cleverest nations in the world. You get, as I say, a sensation, but imagine the sensation of the man on the footplate of the engine. As far as he can see, the water flows up to the very foot of his embankment. There are three long tunnels to be faced. Everything wears an unfamiliar and an awe-inspiring aspect. He must have many friends along the line; they do not greet him to-day.

#### A Strange Setting for Lunch.

I am bound to admit that I made an excellent lunch on the train between Paris and Dieppe. This was not due to callousness. One could not help a feeling of elation on getting out of Paris. In staying there at such a time one could do no good; the authorities, I have no doubt, would far rather have an empty Paris to deal with than a full one. Empty, I mean, as regards population. Heaven knows, there is chance enough that it may be an empty Paris in another sense. I had been assured, moreover, that it was foolhardy to attempt the journey. The train-service was disorganised; there were awful gales in the Channel; and so forth. I found, to be sure, a train very far from crowded; but the service was working smoothly enough. There had been gales in the Channel—terrific gales—on the Monday night and the Tuesday afternoon, but nothing could have been more delightful than my journey from Dieppe to New-haven. The sun shone all the time; there was hardly enough "sea" to affect a white rabbit. For an hour and a half I sat on the deck enjoying the splendour of the weather. Then I went downstairs to tea. Ten minutes later the lighthouse at the foot of Beachy Head threw us a pale, afternoon gleam of welcome. The raging Channel had been crossed. It was only a lull, as it turned out, but what a lull!

#### The Parisian Grows Grave.

I saw a good deal of the floods. At first, one was inclined to take the matter lightly—to say that the newspapers were exaggerating. This, in a sense, is true. People in London, I found, fully believed that there were boats on the Grands Boulevards, and a surging, swelling current through the Tuileries Gardens. They confused the accounts of bursting sewers with the stories of sufferings on the south side of the river. For the first three days, certainly, the north side treated the whole business as a joke. But when they went down to look at the thing for themselves, when they saw that appalling mass of water, brown, ugly, swelling every moment, forcing its brutal, majestic passage to the sea, even the light-hearted, careless Parisians checked their laughter for a moment and admitted that the danger was sufficiently real. Besides, there was no getting away from the fact that people had been turned out of their houses—thousands of people. Even though the water in your house is but six inches deep, even though you can paddle to dry land, it is a tragedy to be turned from your home when you have

nowhere to go, no money, no food, no work. When the Parisians of the Grands Boulevards thought of this, they grew grave. It was only for a few moments, perhaps, that the laughter was checked, but, be very sure, it was checked.

#### Quite a New Sensation.

At the same time, there was a light side to the tragedy. I paid a visit, one afternoon, to the Pont Solferino. Certain gallant fellows in the employ of the Corporation, so to speak, had been told off to prevent the huge pieces of drift-wood from blocking up the already well-nigh choked arches of the bridge. This they did, or tried to do, in the following manner. Gallant fellow Number One lay on his front-side across the parapet of the bridge. Gallant fellow Number Two held on to the legs of his comrade and cheered him with brave cries. Gallant fellow Number One grasped in his hands a long, stout staff. With this he poked and pushed at the beams and tree-trunks that continually smote against the bridge, endeavouring to coax them under the arches. His efforts were quite, quite fruitless, but he was doing his best, and doing it with a whole heart. Every now and then one felt the whole bridge tremble with the force of some more than usually severe shock. Did the people run? Not a bit of it! I left them waiting for the bridge to collapse beneath them. At the moment of writing, I learn that the Pont Solferino has been closed altogether. It seems a shame to deprive the crowd of the thrills arising from those repeated tremors.

#### The "Moral Effect."

The authorities have their own way of sucking humour from the disaster. For instance, they have pumps working on the Metropolitan Railway. The hose-pipes are led into the open street, and the water is pumped into the gutters. What becomes of it? It runs along the gutters into the drains, and so back to the Metropolitan Railway. One person in authority was tackled about this. "Why," he was asked, "do you stop the traffic, collect huge crowds, and spend vast sums of money in order to shift the water from one part of the railway to another part a few yards away? Do you really imagine that you are doing any good?" "Good?" he replied. "Certainly we are doing good!" "But you are not emptying the tunnel, are you?" "No, my friend, we are not emptying the tunnel; but think of the moral effect!" For a similar reason, I have no doubt, the bridges are allowed to remain open for traffic long after they have become unsafe; a few thousand people may be drowned, but think of the panic that the closing of the bridge would create! You cannot argue with the Parisian. Light-hearted and light-headed, he is genuinely appalled by the disaster that has overtaken his beautiful city; but I firmly believe that he is secretly proud of the attention that is being drawn to him, and would sacrifice his new toy with the utmost reluctance.

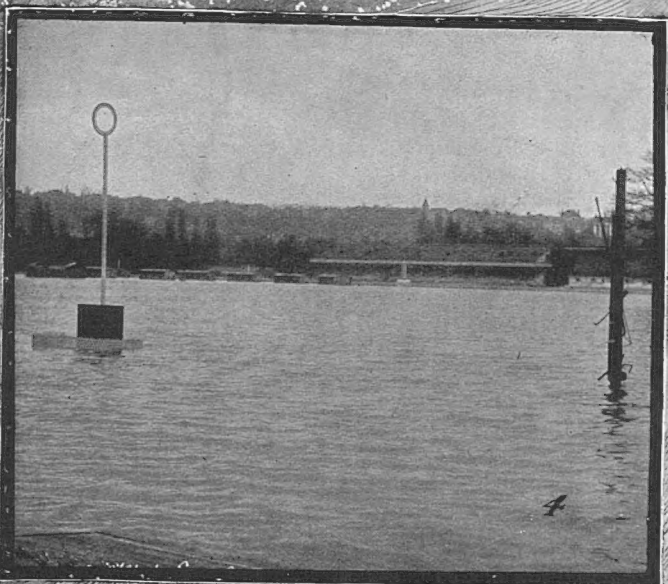
#### London for the Londoner.

And so home again. After four months of Paris, I find London very soothing. It is so delightfully quiet, so free (comparatively) from dangers and disturbances. Your taxi seems to crawl along an almost empty street. A man must have nerves of iron to live in the heart of Paris for any period of time and take no harm. He must be able to do without sleep, to batten on alarums and excursions, to fight the daily fight with his concierge, to believe very little that he hears and nothing that he reads. London is a dear, rambling, still, old-world village in comparison with Paris. It is not given to everyone to lead the Simple Life amid the manifold comforts of a great city. Paris for Excitement, perhaps; and New York, I suppose, for Money. But London for Comfort, which, being interpreted, means health and happiness and good-fellowship, and an old age full of contentment.

*By an unfortunate coincidence, which might, perhaps, be mistaken for bad taste on our part, our drawing this week in the series, "The World through the Eyes of a Pessimist," deals with an imaginary railway accident at Clapham Junction, in a manner that might be regarded as a facetious comment on the disaster at Stoa's Nest. We should like to point out that the drawing had already gone to press when we heard the news, and that it is not intended to have the slightest reference to the accident, but was executed a long time previously.*



# DAM—P, UNPLEASANT WEATHER: SCENES IN FLOODED PARIS. STRANGE EFFECTS OF TOO MUCH WATER: EPISODES OF THE GREAT FLOOD.



1. PUTTING OUT ON THE FLOOD: FIREMEN GOING ON RAFTS TO THE RESCUE OF THE INHABITANTS OF GRENELLE.

3. WALKING THE PLANK: PEDESTRIANS IN THE STREETS OF GRENELLE.

5. GUARDING THE PLACE DE LA CONCORDE FROM THE FLOOD: ENGINEERS CONSTRUCTING BARRICADES AT COURS LA REINE, CHAMPS ELYSÉES.

2. THE DOG TAKES TO THE WATER: M. JEAN COQUELIN LEAVING HIS HOUSE FOR A REHEARSAL OF "CHANTECLER."

4. APPARENTLY ARRANGED FOR A REGATTA: THE RACECOURSE AT LONGCHAMP.

6. JACQUES TAR AU SECOURS: FRENCH SAILORS ORDERED FROM DUNKIRK TO MAN RESCUE BOATS.

Some of the effects of the great flood on the everyday life of Paris were distinctly amusing, others were serious, and others again were tragic. In all, however, there was a curious incongruity. Firemen putting out on rafts to rescue people from a watery grave must have felt strangely at sea. M. Jean Coquelin, the famous actor, who is taking the part of the Dog in M. Rostand's "Chantecler," probably felt that a boat was a very strange vehicle in which to proceed to the Théâtre Porte-Sainte-Martin, for the purpose of taking part in a rehearsal. Then, again, the sight of the famous racecourse at Longchamp presenting the appearance of a regatta-course must have filled sporting men with peculiar sensations. When the floods have finally subsided, Paris will hardly know itself.—[Photographs Nos. 1, 3, 5, and 6 by Topical; 2, by W. G. P.; and 4, P. P. A.]



# THE SOUR-MILK TREATMENT.

By RAYMOND BLATHWAYT.

NO discovery in the scientific world has excited keener interest among the general public than that of Professor Metchnikoff, the world-famed bacteriologist, that, under certain conditions, a diet of a specially prepared form of sour milk will prolong human life to an immensely healthy and vigorous old age. This is a discovery which appeals to the very heart and mind of suffering, diseased, and dying humanity. We all shrink from pain and disease, most of us dread death. In fact, most of us are engaged in one long struggle to keep out of prison, the workhouse, and the grave. We are continually contending with our environment and with the forces of Nature, which so frequently appear to be set against us in hostile array both morally and physically. And human life is specially a suffering life; never mind how we may try to evade recognition of this fact, we are mostly sufferers, either mentally or physically, or both, from late middle-age right onwards to the grave. And for this suffering we are most of us ourselves to blame. The sufferings of old age are chiefly due to the indiscretions of a misspent youth. But not always. A vast amount of our physical ill-health, and consequently of our mental depression, is due to the fact that in a certain respect our internal physical conformation is such that, whether we will it or not, we carry about with us from the cradle to the grave a constant and ever-increasing supply of putrescent and rotten food. This, naturally, in time results in a perpetually poisoned body. It is inevitable that it should be so, and we, alas! are unable to help ourselves.

Now no man can really be physically healthy or mentally happy and light-hearted who goes about with a poisoned body, and in late life it is comparatively rare to meet people who are as comfortable and happy in their bodies and in their minds as they were as children or young men and young women. Bodily ill-health and consequent mental depression dog their lagging footsteps to the very grave. And this is especially noticeable in so-called civilised districts, and especially in those countries, such as England and America and Germany, where a meat diet forms the staple food of the community. In other and simpler lands very frequently a different condition of things prevails. I will give you an instance of this, indeed, the most famous instance of recent years. Some time ago Professor Duclaux and a friend were travelling through the mountainous regions of semi-civilised Bulgaria and they noted with the greatest interest and astonishment that not only did a vast number of the inhabitants attain great length of days, but that they were physically and mentally active, alert, happy and vigorous to the very end. They learned that out of a population of less than three millions there were no less than three thousand who had attained a hundred years and upwards. Imagine a similar condition of things here in London. Why, we should then have upwards of seven thousand centenarians living in the metropolis alone! This struck them as so remarkable a fact that they set on foot a regular scientific enquiry into the matter, with the result that they discovered that this remarkable and almost universal condition of light-hearted longevity was due to the fact that the people in that country existed almost completely on a diet of specially prepared sour milk, locally known as "yoghoust"—that is, sour milk which is prepared, not with rennet or by churning, but by means of a living culture of lactic acid-forming bacilli, which survive the passage through the human stomach and become acclimatised to the comparative annihilation and exclusion of putrefactive and pathogenic organisms. The Bulgarians, therefore, centuries ago, had solved the great problem of human life: how to keep a healthy mind in a healthy body, and how to live long in the land which the Lord their God had given them, for the simple reason that their bodies, cleansed of poison, had become like the bodies of parrots, eagles, crows, tortoises and crocodiles, which animals, being constructed minus the colon or large intestine, which is the cause of all the putrefaction that goes on in the body of the human animal, live sometimes into their third century, and are through life strong and healthy and possibly even cheerful and lighthearted all the time.

This discovery of the Professor naturally caused the greatest interest throughout the civilised world generally, and particularly here in England, for the reason that it touched upon a subject of literally vital interest to suffering and dying humanity. How to live long and happily: Drink sour milk. Yes—and now we come to the very heart of my subject—that is easier said than done. Here in London, owing to the exceptional stupidity and obstinate conservatism of all but the most advanced and enterprising of the dairies, it is almost impossible to get this sour milk at all, and even when, with great difficulty and at considerable cost, we have obtained the milk, it is often an extremely inconvenient form of diet, or else it is so absolutely nauseous that we come to the unwilling conclusion that the remedy is, if anything, worse even than the disease itself. It is inconvenient inasmuch as we cannot rush into the nearest dairy and ask for a pint of

sour milk on our way home from business, nor can we very well take a bottle of it in our coat-tail pockets when we go out to dinner, as I presume most of us do two or three times a week. We are handicapped, therefore, in almost every direction in our efforts to live the really simple life, in any case as far as the sour-milk treatment is concerned. In fact, the difficulties in connection with it appeared insurmountable—at all events, they did to me, until one day Mr. Mortimer Menpes, the famous artist, said to me: "Have you ever tried massolettes?" "No," I replied; "what are they?" Well, he didn't know much more about them than that they were a certain kind of chocolate creams which he found did him all the good in the world. After my conversation with him I made enquiries and discovered that these massolettes were manufactured by the famous Brighton chemists, Messrs. Cox and Co., who have for many years made a special study of the science or art of concentrated medicines and forms of food. For a considerable time they experimented particularly with the object of getting a concentrated form of the sour milk, resulting at last in the discovery and manufacture of these chocolate massolettes. What they do is this: they sell you for 2s. 6d. a box of twenty-four chocolate creams which, taken three a day, last you for a long week, and which act in this manner. As soon as a massolette is swallowed, it liberates in the human stomach a furious and raging army of ten million of the friendly massol bacilli, who at once wage a war of annihilation and extermination upon the hostile bacilli which are responsible for the poisoned condition of the human body, for that condition, indeed, to which we owe constant ill-health through life and the fact that most of us die at least fifty years before we need die at all. This is a great discovery on the part of Messrs. Cox, and it will be as much to their ingenuity and their enterprise that the ultimate health and good spirits of the England of the future will be due as to the scientific observations and research of the famous Russian bacteriologist, for without them I very much doubt if his discovery would have benefited us to anything like the extent that we are benefited by these massolettes.

I can scarcely doubt that a very large number of the populace will go in for this treatment, for remember that we are all sufferers from this poisoned system of ours in a greater or less degree. I myself have suffered vastly from indigestion, and I do not doubt but that it arises largely from the causes to which I have so frequently alluded during the course of this article; but equally I can assert from my own personal experience, as also from that of many of my friends who have gone in for a course of these massolettes, that nothing else has acted so beneficially upon the system as have these delightful chocolate creams, for as a matter of fact that is what they actually are. For you must remember this: These chocolate creams contain, each one of them, a vigorous culture of the bacillus of massol, very potent and certain in their action, and, as compared with curdled milk, infinitely preferable. And not only do these massolettes rid one of intestinal poison, but they render the human body immune to almost all the ailments that flesh is heir to. No more chance, or very little, of our being attacked by typhus, small-pox, violent indigestion, influenza, measles, &c. The body which is fortified by massolettes is practically immune from all these deadly diseases. The same effect can be procured from "Massogran," the sister product, which is preferred by those who object to chocolate.

Our system becomes absolutely germ-proof, for it is inoculated by means of the massolettes with the bacillus *coli communis*, a germ that should really be plainly called the germ of putrefaction. This hideous little bacillus is capable of turning our food rancid, and so this rancid food passes through our digestive organs in a state of putridity. This accounts for the agony we undergo from innumerable digestive troubles, such as acidity, flatulence, which so frequently results in a badly strained heart, dyspepsia, malnutrition, and half a hundred other horrible gastric troubles which are best left to the imagination. The massolettes, taken three a day for, let us say, three months, render one absolutely immune from all these tragedies of life.

At the same time, I must utter a word of warning, if only in fairness to Messrs. Cox. If you wish to obtain the fullest possible benefit from these massolettes you must be wise in your diet. Half the miseries of modern well-fed England arise from the fact that it is too well fed. Three full meat meals a day do the human system far more harm than good. I know many people who take two different kinds of meat at every meal. Now six plates of meat a day result in disaster when one reaches middle age, and certain it is that far more people die of over-eating than of over-drinking. If you wish to obtain all possible benefit from the massolettes; therefore, you will do well to take meat only once a day. But in any case, even if you take meat six times a day, you will find the evil effects therefrom enormously modified by a constant regular daily use of Cox's Massolettes or Massogran.



# THE BROWN "FOOL FURY OF THE SEINE": WEIRD SCENES IN PARIS.



1. "ROW GENTLY HERE, MY GONDOLIER": THE CHURCH OF THE NATIVITY RESEMBLES A MINIATURE ST. MARK'S.

2. À LA SINDBAD: AN ACADEMICIAN AS THE OLD MAN OF THE SEA, GOING HOME PICKABACK.

3. SURROUNDED BY ITS NATURAL ENEMY: THE INMATES OF A TAVERN ESCAPING BY BOAT.

4. RAILWAY COMMUNICATION WITH THE RIVIERA CUT OFF BY WATER: THE APPROACH TO THE GARE DE LYON THROUGH THE RUE DE LYON.

Analogies have been drawn between the rising of the Seine and the rising of the people in the French Revolution, when "the red fool fury of the Seine" broke loose in Paris, and the guillotine flooded the gay city with the noblest blood of France. On the present occasion, brown, not red, has been the colour of the "fool fury," a stealthy, quiet, all-enfolding inundation of brown and swirling water. When the floods began to subside, the devastation which they had wrought was gradually exposed to sight, and new perils became imminent in the form of collapsing houses and possible epidemics of disease, in comparison with which the various boating adventures in flooded streets took on the character of amusing interludes.—[Photographs Nos. 1 and 4 by Topical; 2, by W. G. P.; and 3, by Bolak.]



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Signature .....

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**FEBRUARY 5.**

**THE FLOODS IN PARIS.**  
**THE BRIGHTON EXPRESS**  
**DISASTER.**

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**ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS,**  
**FEBRUARY 5.**  
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**SPECIAL NOTE TO AMATEURS.**—The Editor will be glad to consider Photographs of beautiful landscapes, buildings, etc., and will pay at the customary rate for any used. Photographs of comparatively unknown "sights" are preferred to prints of well-known and continually photographed places.

**GENERAL NOTICES.**—Every care will be taken of contributions submitted to the Editor, and every endeavour made to return rejected contributions to their senders; but the Editor will not accept responsibility for the accidental loss, damage, destruction, or long detention of manuscripts, drawings, paintings, or photographs sent for his approval.

Contributors desirous of knowing the kind of work that is most likely to be accepted are advised to study the pages of the paper.

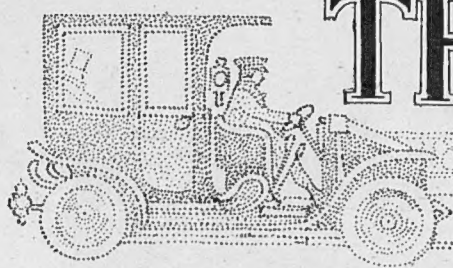
No use will be made of circular matter.

All stories and articles should be type-written.

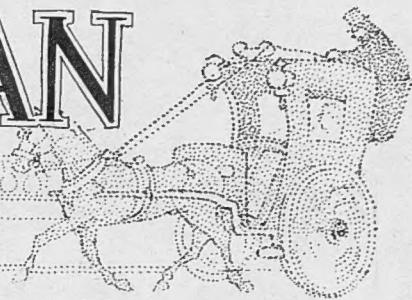
With a view to preventing any possible misunderstanding on the subject, the Editor desires to make it quite clear that under no circumstances does an offer of payment influence the insertion of portraits in "The Sketch," nor has it ever done so.

"SKETCH" EDITORIAL OFFICES, MILFORD LANE, STRAND, W.C.  
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# THE CLUBMAN



"Malbruk." Leoncavallo has, I read, produced in Rome an opera titled "Malbruk," into which the air we know as "For he's a jolly good fellow" is introduced. I have never seen the words of "Malbruk s'en va-t-en guerre" written down, and I have never heard a Frenchman or a French lady or a French child sing the song, though I have heard many tens of thousands of Britons sing words in English to the air. "Malbruk" was the favourite song for a while of the French Army, and was sung around innumerable camp-fires. Every nation which was allied with the French, and every nation which fought against them, learned the air from them. To the best of my recollection, I have never seen either "For he's a jolly good fellow" or "We won't go home till morning," which are the two English versions of the old song, set down in cold print, and I never heard the name of the geniuses who set these words to the French air. It really would be a kindness to all banqueters if the words were written down, for often I have heard, after dinner, one body of enthusiasts singing lustily, "Which no one can deny," while another body were declaiming with equal fervour, "With a hip-hip-hip-hooray!"



THE ONE AND ONLY CLARKSON, WHO IS BRINGING AN ACTION IN PARIS CONCERNING "CHANTECLER" COSTUMES.

Mr. William Clarkson, the well-known theatrical costumier, is bringing an action for £2000 against Messrs. Coquelin and Hertz, in connection with costumes made for M. Rostand's play, "Chantecler." Mr. Clarkson claims that he has the sole contract for providing the costumes both in Paris and elsewhere. His solicitor, Me. J. Rapoport, has the case in hand, and it is expected to come on in a few weeks—that is, if there is any of Paris still above water then.

Photograph by W. and D. Downey.

a good waltzer. Mr. Roosevelt substituted lawn-tennis for dancing among his accomplishments, but Mr. Taft, following the example of President Arthur, dances with democratic freedom—though he is a Republican—at public balls. His partners at the Southern Relief Ball at Washington reported that he is very light of foot, but is inclined to be breathless. Mr. Taft is doing his genial best to placate the South. He ate opossum in Georgia, and caused Billy Possum to become almost as great a favourite as a plaything as Teddy Bear, to please that State; and now he has waltzed at a ball given for a charity which aids the distressed veterans of the Confederate army—a proceeding which will please the whole of the Southern States. Of course, the American papers have given the fullest details of Mr. Taft's dancing. We are more reticent on these subjects. I believe that no less a person than Mr. Rudyard Kipling, in the very early days of his career, got into sad trouble by describing the dancing of a

Viceroy. I speak under correction, but I believe that when Mr. Kipling first went out to India, a genius as yet undiscovered, he was appointed to the staff of the *Civil and Military Gazette* at Lahore, where his father was director of the Museum. He was sent up to Simla as "our special correspondent," and saw the very pleasant life of the summer capital, a life he immortalised in the "Departmental Ditties" and "Plain Tales from the Hills." One of his duties was to write letters describing the doings at Simla. It occurred to him that it would be picturesque if he indicated the manner in which the Viceroy waltzed. He likened the manner of his dancing to the progress of a bumble-bee bereft of one wing. It was admirably descriptive, but Viceroys do not always appreciate humour when they are the subject of it, and awful things happened, or were threatened, to the daring young journalist.



THE "ICE-KING'S" WIFE, WHO REFUSES TO BE "FROZEN OUT": MRS. CHARLES W. MORSE.

Mrs. Charles W. Morse, the wife of the American "Ice-King" who was recently sentenced to fifteen years' imprisonment for certain financial transactions, is making a plucky fight to keep together the remnants of his business, establish his innocence, and procure his liberation. She still retains one office in the palatial building which his firm formerly occupied entirely.

Photograph by Fleet Agency.

## A Tile-Making Emperor.

Our great grand-fathers used to say that a gentleman may brew, but he may not bake. That, I fancy, is a distinction which has worn away in the course of a century, and I have no doubt that to-day there are gentleman bakers, while many of the brewers have moved up into the peerage. There are aristocratic makers of hats, and milliners and dressmakers without number, whose names are to be found in Burke; there are noblemen who run dairies and provision-shops, and there is scarcely a trade which has not blue blood in

some of its members. It was reserved, however, for an Emperor to start a china and earthenware shop. An admiring subject bequeathed to the Kaiser a manufactory for making porcelain and earthenware, and the patents for some special glazes. The Emperor has carried on the business thus strangely thrust upon him, and that the wares made in the manufactory may be brought to the notice of his subjects, he has opened a shop in the Leipziger Strasse, at Berlin. Already one loyal railway company



THE ROLLER-SKATING CRAZE IN HOLLAND: A STREET WHERE THE SPORT IS SPECIALLY AUTHORISED AT SCHEVENINGEN.

This country is not the only one where roller-skating is assuming the proportions of a national craze. At Scheveningen, in Holland, a street has recently been especially assigned to those who wish to pirouette on the light fantastic wheel.

Photograph by Underwood and Underwood.

has given the Emperor-tradesman orders for tiles for the stations on the line, and no doubt many private citizens will, in the future, like to point to the tiles in their fireplaces or on the walls of their dairies and say, "I got these from the Emperor."



# CUFF COMMENTS

WITH THUMBNAIL SKETCHES BY GEORGE MORROW

By WADHAM PEACOCK.

THE new comet—which made its first appearance at Johannesburg, of all places in the world—is said to be in pursuit of Halley's comet. It is evidently the stellar policeman in chase of the exceder of limits.



The little stranger has successfully posed for its photograph at Dunsink Observatory. Our postcard favourites need not, however, fear that it will compete with them, for Dr. Whitaker telegraphs that it has a horn on the side of the head opposite the tail. From which it seems probable that it is not a beauty.

There was a horrible rumour about the other day that M. Guitry and M. Rostand had quarrelled, and that "Chantecler" would be put off for several more months. Happily, it was not true. The sooner this much-advertised cock gets his crow over and done with the better.



Science Notes. This will want careful reading. In the five-hundredth part of a pint of milk (about a thimbleful) there are nine thousand microbes, germs, bacteria, and such-like things immediately after milking. But after twenty-four hours, if the sample is raised to blood-heat, there are twenty-five thousand millions of bacteria, germs, and so forth, in your thimbleful. Puzzle: find the milk.

## TON-Y-PANDY.

Ton-y-pandy, Ton-y-pandy,  
What can Ton-y-pandy be?  
Is it someone's cherry-brandy,  
Or an Anglo-Indian tea?  
Is it something Jack and Sandy,  
Pat and Taffy, all agree  
Always should be somewhere handy?  
That's the thing that puzzles me.

Ton-y-pandy, Ton-y-pandy,  
What is this mysterious word?  
Is it golf, once known as "bandy,"  
Or some kind of azure bird?  
Or, perhaps, some modern dandy,  
Macaronishly absurd?  
Of this Ton-y, Ton-y-pandy,  
Would that I had never heard!

## ENVOI.

What is this? A place in Wales,  
Whence Miss Amy Evans hails?

There is trouble in Copenhagen because the theatrical managers want to compel the critics to write only favourable notices of their plays and actors. No wonder the Danes thought that Hamlet was mad after he had delivered his speech to the Players.



The sad story of a duck comes from Iowa, a place which you will rightly conjecture to be in America. This duck took the first prize at the local agricultural exhibition, and in the pride of its little heart went away and browsed on dynamite. By mischance it shook itself, and incontinently exploded, and, by a second mischance, the bones and the beak were driven into the eyes of its owner, who was thereby blinded for life. It is a highly instructive and moral tale, but it is impossible to avoid the suspicion that the duck was a "canard."

## SANCTA SIMPLICITAS.

(At the coming-out of Miss Marjorie Gould, who is engaged to Mr. Anthony J. Drexel, her parents are reported to have spent £10,000 on cotillon favours.)

Hear the tale of fair Miss Gould,  
Whose "front name" is Marjorie,  
She is one who worships Republican simplicitie.  
At her "deebut" in New York  
Simple pleasures knew no bounds,  
Her cotillon favours cost  
But a mere ten thousand pounds.

Grovelling at her feet were seen  
Princes, baronets, and earls;  
Yet the lure of coronets  
Could not tempt this girl of girls.  
In her artless little way,  
She will do what few would dare—  
She will marry with a plain  
Multi-multi-millionaire.



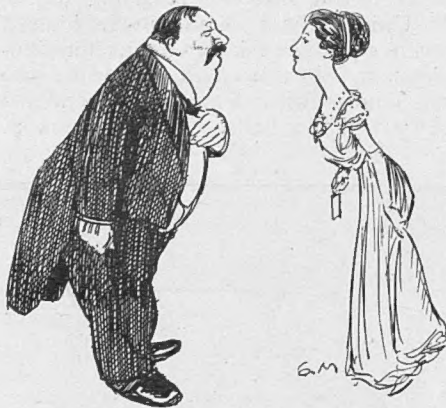
Really these centenarians are most inconsistent! A fortnight ago we had one who smoked and drank all his life. A week ago we had one who never drank and never smoked. And now we have Colonel John Bower, who

still enjoys half-a-pint of champagne with his dinner, but has never cared for smoking. What is a young man to do to live to a hundred? Even the strongest constitution will not stand three different régimes in three weeks. With apologies to Elinor Glyn.

Dr. Jacques Bertillon, of Paris, says that if men want to live long and healthily they should marry. What was it Mr. Bronson used to say when he was asked why a married man lives longer than a bachelor? Seems longer? Thank you.

For the first time for nearly thirty years an American President has been seen waltzing in public, and his partner furnished in the

columns of the *New York American* a magnificent testimonial to the "terp-sichorean prowess of America's fattest President." The simple dignity of this description merits the immortality of "Cuff Comments."

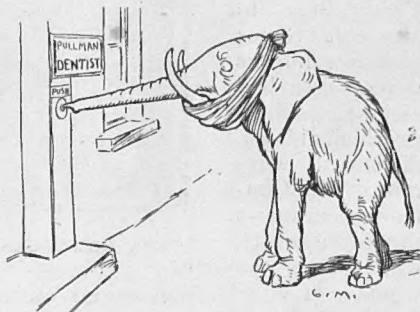


From the "Zoo" we learn that the hippopotamus suffers from digestive disorders. This is indeed a surprise. The hippo., with its figure of an alderman of a hundred years ago, looks

as if it would be able to eat its way right through a Lord Mayor's dinner, and drink a hogshead of port-wine on the top of it.

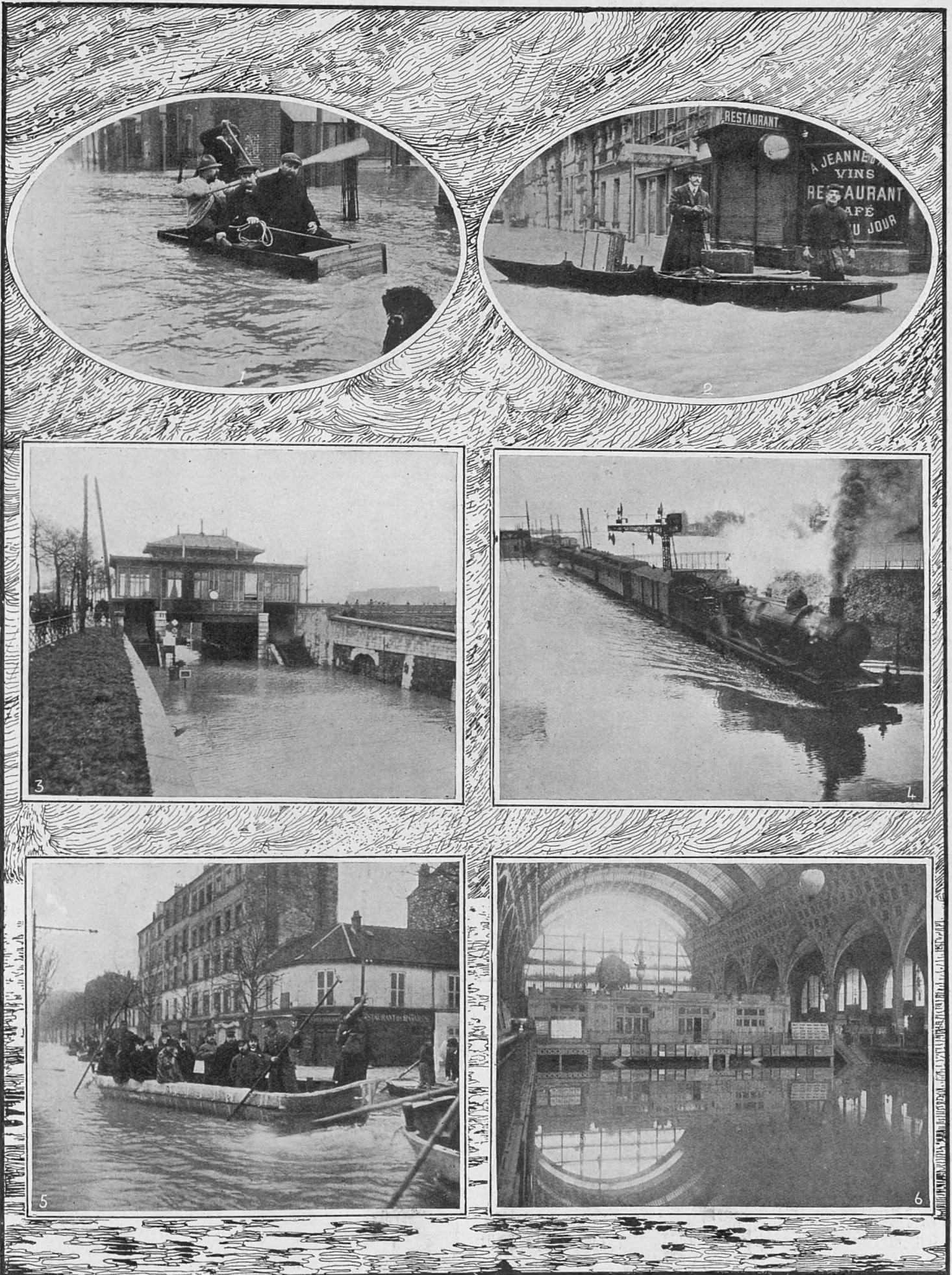
But the elephant's is the saddest case, for it habitually suffers from teething troubles and toothache. As the elephant's back teeth, to say nothing of its tusks, are about the size of a hob-nailed boot, its toothaches must indeed be a treat. 'E'as my simperfy.

Professor W. A. Herdman, in a lecture at the Royal Institution, instructed his audience how to tell the age of a fish. You have but to count the lines on the scales of a herring, reckoning each line as a year, and there you are. The average housewife practises a much more rough-and-ready method, and does not look beyond her nose.





# THE GAY CITY IN TEARS: TRANSFORMATION SCENES IN PARIS. STREETS CONVERTED INTO CANALS, AND STATIONS INTO SWIMMING-BATHS.



1. PADDLING THEIR OWN CANOE: A HOME-MADE BOAT IN THE RUE D'IVRY.
3. A CANAL LOCK? NO, A RAILWAY STATION: THE GARE DE CEINTURE DE GRENELLE.
5. THE PRESIDENTIAL BARGE: PRESIDENT FALLIÈRES, WITH MM. BRIAND, MILLERAND, AND LEPIN, SURVEYING HIS SUBMERGED CAPITAL.

2. "PORTER! A PUNT, PLEASE!": CONVEYING A PASSENGER AND HIS LUGGAGE FROM THE GARE D'ORSAY TO HIS HOTEL.
4. THE IRON HORSE BECOMES AMPHIBIOUS: THE LIMOGES EXPRESS ENTERING THE STATION AT CHOISY-LE-ROI.
6. A BAIN DE NATATION? NO, THE INTERIOR OF THE GARE D'ORSAY.

There is a humorous side to the Paris floods, in spite of the seriousness of the calamity from other points of view, and the citizens of the gay city, notwithstanding that she may be said to be in tears, have not yet entirely lost their capacity for gaiety. Thronging sightseers look on, it is said, almost amused, and fathers lead their families up and down, where there is still *terra firma*, eagerly seeking the best points of vantage for surveying the unprecedented transformation scenes around them. Streets have been converted into canals, stations resemble locks or swimming-baths, people go about in home-made boats, porters convey luggage by punt instead of lorry. The situation, however, is rapidly becoming too grave for jesting. At Ivry alone some 50,000 have been thrown out of work. President Fallières, who has headed the relief fund, visited the scenes of the disaster in a barge with M. Briand, the Prime Minister; M. Millerand, the Minister of Public Works; and M. Lepine, the Prefect of Police.

Photographs No. 1 by Delius; 2, by W. G. P.; 3, 4, and 5, by Topical; and 6, by Halftones.





# SMALL TALK



**L**ORD MORLEY has his own political platform, and, in the courage of his opinion. Mr. Winston Churchill that it might be amusing to try a new rôle—that of the dignified and severe speaker. If Winston's manner has been modified of late it is because he respects Lord Morley. At any rate, he is known to carry in his waistcoat-pocket an axiom on "reserve," sent him by his kindly friend from the treasure-house of Montaigne.

*Another Guest at Blenheim.* The unkindest of the Election posters was undoubtedly that of Winston seated, in his pyjamas, among Blenheim cushions. But even that poster might have been yet more personally curious had the artist only known of a certain act of Churchill daring. We might then have seen the Chancellor of the Exchequer himself reclining on a Blenheim sofa, helping his young friend to "stir class hatred." For



MARRYING MISS MARJORIE PYM TO-MORROW (FEB. 3) AT ST. LUKE'S, CHELSEA, MR. H. ACLAND TROYTE.

Mr. Acland Troyte, who is to marry Miss Marjorie Pym to-morrow, is a son of the late Colonel Troyte, of Huntsham Court, Bampton, Devon.—[Photograph by Lafayette.]

not long ago Winston did verily take Mr. Lloyd-George on a week-end visit to his cousin Marlborough, and enjoyed himself, in so doing, almost as much as when he successfully dodged the Boer bullets outside Pretoria.

*Another Letter Out.* Even Lady Doughty, who is far from pleased with Grimsby's treatment of Sir George, smiled at the loyalty of one old fisherman to her husband's cause. "My vote's gone to Doughty," said he, "for they tell me these Liberals are going to destroy the piers. And then where would we seafaring folk be?" Where indeed?

*Politics and the Parson.* The Rev. James Adderley, who has been advertising for a Tory curate who will conciliate a congregation that is growing restive under his own Socialism, is a brother of that

private opinion of the modern private at any rate, he has Not long ago he suggested to

good Tory, Lord Norton. He is not the only Socialist who may never wear a red tie. Every Fabian knows the Rev. Conrad Noel, who has shared the platform with such people as Mr. Bernard Shaw and Mr. Cecil Chesterton times out of mind. Even in the pulpit Mr. Noel is something of a revolutionary, and it is told that one summer Sunday his congregation received a round scolding for—coming to church. "God's sun is shining in the sky," he said; "and yet you come into a dark building to hear—me! Go!" And they went.

*Voters and a Volaress.*

Although this is her second experience of a General Election, Lady Willoughby de Eresby still marvels a little at the procedure that obtains on this side the Atlantic. In America such things move more quickly. "Why, you're slow as molasses in January," she laughingly complained; "it's taken a fortnight to get Willoughby returned, and it shouldn't have taken a day." Lady Willoughby



TO BE MARRIED TO-MORROW (FEBRUARY 3), MAJOR WILLIAM WYNDHAM AND MISS MAUDE ELEANOR HYLTON JOLLIFFE.

Major Wyndham is the second son of Sir Hugh and Lady Wyndham, of Rogate Lodge, Petersfield, Sussex. Miss Hylton Jolliffe is the second daughter of the Hon. Sydney Hylton Jolliffe, of Petersfield, formerly M.P. for that division.

Photographs by Mayall and Lafayette.



MISS VIOLET NICOL, WHO IS TO BE MARRIED TO-DAY (FEBRUARY 2) TO MR. GERALD DUGDALE.

Miss Violet Nicol, who is a daughter of Colonel Nicol, is to be married to-day (February 2) to Mr. Gerald Dugdale, at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge.

Photograph by H. Walter Barnett.



MARRIED YESTERDAY (FEBRUARY 1), SIR FREDERICK F. C. FOWKE, Bt., AND LADY FOWKE, FORMERLY MISS EDITH RAWDON.

Sir Frederick Fowke, the third Baronet, is the owner of Lowesby Hall, a delightful place near Leicester. He served in South Africa with the Imperial Yeomanry. Lady Fowke is the second daughter of the Rev. Canon Rawdon, of The Hermitage, Stockton-on-Forest, York.—[Photographs by Kate Pragnell.]



TO BE MARRIED TO-MORROW (FEBRUARY 3) TO MR. H. ACLAND TROYTE, MISS MARJORIE PYM.

Miss Marjorie Pym is the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Guy Pym, of 35, Cranley Gardens, and Caesar's Camp, Sandy, Bedfordshire.

Photograph by Lafayette.

de Eresby is the mother of three children, and has many occupations besides those connected with pinafores and politics, having become very popular since her advent to London.

*Another Carlton.* A brave company of ladies—and not all of them Suffragettes—are planning a new political club, to be called the Ladies' Carlton, and by that name you may know its colour. Among the vice-presidents are fourteen Countesses, including Lady Kinnoull, Lady Lucan, and Lady Yarborough; and others on the committee are Lady Borwick, Lady Stradbroke, and Lady Torrington. The premises have not yet been secured, but the ladies do not want to invade the masculine sanctuaries of Pall Mall. One of the streets in the angle of Bond Street and Piccadilly is marked out as the region for this further development of woman's clubland.



## ROOF RINKS: A SUBSTITUTE FOR SWITZERLAND.

(BEING "OUR WONDERFUL WORLD.")



SKATING AT A HIGH ALTITUDE: ROOF-GARDENS OF AMERICAN SKY-SCRAPERS MADE INTO PRIVATE RINKS.

America has found a new and pleasant use for the roofs of sky-scrapers, which will enable her citizens to enjoy the delights of Swiss winter sports nearer home. At those high altitudes the cold is, of course, much more intense than in the streets below, and in frosty weather it is only necessary to flood the roof-garden to obtain a good sheet of natural ice for skating, or a game of hockey on the ice, as here illustrated.—[Photographs by the P.-F. Press Bureau.]



# CROWNS CORONETS COURTIER

THE KING'S ability to draw to himself the confidence and affection of his own subjects is noteworthy enough, but much more noteworthy is his power of making fast friends among foreigners. The case of the departing Italian Ambassador is one among many. His main regret in leaving Grosvenor Square for Paris is not that it means estrangement from the atmosphere of London, but from that of Edward VII.'s Court. At Windsor Castle last week, however, the Marquis di San Giuliano was assured that his friend's presence in Paris would be remembered by the English King whenever he passes through the French capital.



DAUGHTER OF THE LATE MR. CHARLES VAN RAALTE: MISS M. VAN RAALTE.

Miss Van Raalte is one of the most beautiful of last year's débutantes. Her mother is among the wealthiest widows in London, and is the owner of Brownsea Island, Dorset.

Photograph by Lallie Charles.

at the last moment. In the end, the authorities recognised neither her nor her

"Jane." Lady Constance managed to keep her secret as well as only a woman can. Not even her family knew that "Jane Warton," the prisoner, was a Lytton. On other occasions, as Mr. Gladstone explained, she had been released because of the weakness of her heart, and so she faced the rigours of Walton Gaol under an assumed name that she invented from such tactics Mr. Gladstone may thank his South African stars that he flees away. What if he had, all unawares, ordered the tube-feeding of his leader's daughter, not knowing her under the name of, say, "Betty Balsquith"; or if his Justices of the Peace had played the hose upon Lady Frances Balfour because she called herself "Nurse Smith"?

Lady Constance has added to the romance of modern politics, as becomes

MOTHER OF THE YOUNGEST M.P. IN THE NEW PARLIAMENT: LADY HILLINGDON.

Lady Hillingdon's son, the Hon. C. T. Mills, who was born in 1887, has been elected for Uxbridge as a Unionist, and is the youngest member of the new Parliament. Lady Hillingdon is a daughter of Lord Suffield.

Photograph by Lallie Charles.

a granddaughter of Bulwer, who, moreover, supplied her with a grandmother who knew how to fight a man—as he found to his cost.

*A Letter Out.* The conditions under which Lord Ashtown (who receives birthday congratulations to-day) lives in Galway afford a singular contrast to those of Lord Ashton (a peer with whom he is sometimes verbally confused) in Lancaster. The former for months on end required a staff of six policemen to protect his personal liberty; he was branded as a

"monster" in the local Press, his house was blown up, and even Lady Ashtown has been dragged into the dispute between her husband and the peasantry, although it has been her rule to take no part in it. Lord Ashton, on the other hand, can hardly show his face in Lancaster without provoking a cheer. The town is full of the monuments to his generosity, and the county still remembers the quite unelectioneering luncheon he gave to ten thousand people. The caterers had provided beer as the staple drink, but the indignant host, when he observed this, ordered champagne for everybody. There is a recipe for Lord Ashtown!

"Duke's Son" in the Wars.

The Marquess of Tullibardine's supporters are not confined to West Perthshire. Within twenty-four hours of the declaration of the polls, he received five hundred telegrams from all parts of the country, a number which nearly equals Mr. Henniker Heaton's record at Canterbury, and Colonel Hall Walker's in the Widnes Division. Not long ago the Marquess refuted with spirit the allegations made against the Atholl Deer Forest. He then showed himself to be a man well able to cope with, and convert, prejudice. That he speaks Gaelic—more haltingly, it is true, than his wife, a real musician, plays the piano—counts for something among his ain people. He is a difficult customer to heckle; and, if he has any envy, it is directed against the candidate, also a Duke's eldest son, who, when assaulted for his youth by the

query, "Does your mother know you're out?" responded "Yes; and on Saturday night she'll know I'm in." And she did.

*The Castaways.* Nobody need be alarmed lest the Prince of Wales be put on half-rations or find himself forlorn when he dines with the Castaways' Club on the 23rd. Indeed, the Castaways, taken all in all, thrive on their condition. Like the Vagabonds, they are well clothed and in their right minds, and the Trocadero is the most barren beach on which they will be cast. Why not a Paupers' Club, only millionaires to be eligible?



ONLY DAUGHTER OF LORD BROUGHAM AND VAUX: THE HON. ELEANOR MABEL BROUGHAM.

Miss Eleanor Brougham has inherited much of her mother's originality and cleverness. Lord and Lady Brougham divide their time between Brougham Castle, Penrith, and the Villa Eléonore at Cannes.—[Photo. by Lallie Charles.]



THE BRIDEGROOM OF THE GREAT AMERICAN MATCH: MR. ANTHONY DREXEL, JUNIOR, ENGAGED TO MISS MARJORIE GOULD.

There is great joy in America over the engagement of Miss Marjorie Gould to Mr. Anthony Drexel, because the young heiress to a vast fortune has chosen a fellow-countryman rather than a titled European.

Photograph by Lafayette.



A DAUGHTER-IN-LAW OF THE GRAND OLD MAN: THE HON. MRS. HENRY GLADSTONE.

The Hon. Mrs. Henry Gladstone is the wife of the G.O.M.'s third son. As Miss Maud Rendel she was a very popular figure in Liberal society, and a particular favourite with the famous statesman who became her father-in-law, and who gave her father, Lord Rendel, his peerage

Photograph by Lallie Charles.



SISTER OF THE COUNTESS OF DROGHEDA: MRS. MONCRIEFF SKENE.

Mrs. Moncrieff Skene, whose maiden name was Miss Dorothy Pelham Burn, is a sister of the Countess of Drogheda, and daughter of Mr. Charles M. Pelham Burn, of Prestonfield, Midlothian, N.B.

Photograph by Lallie Charles.



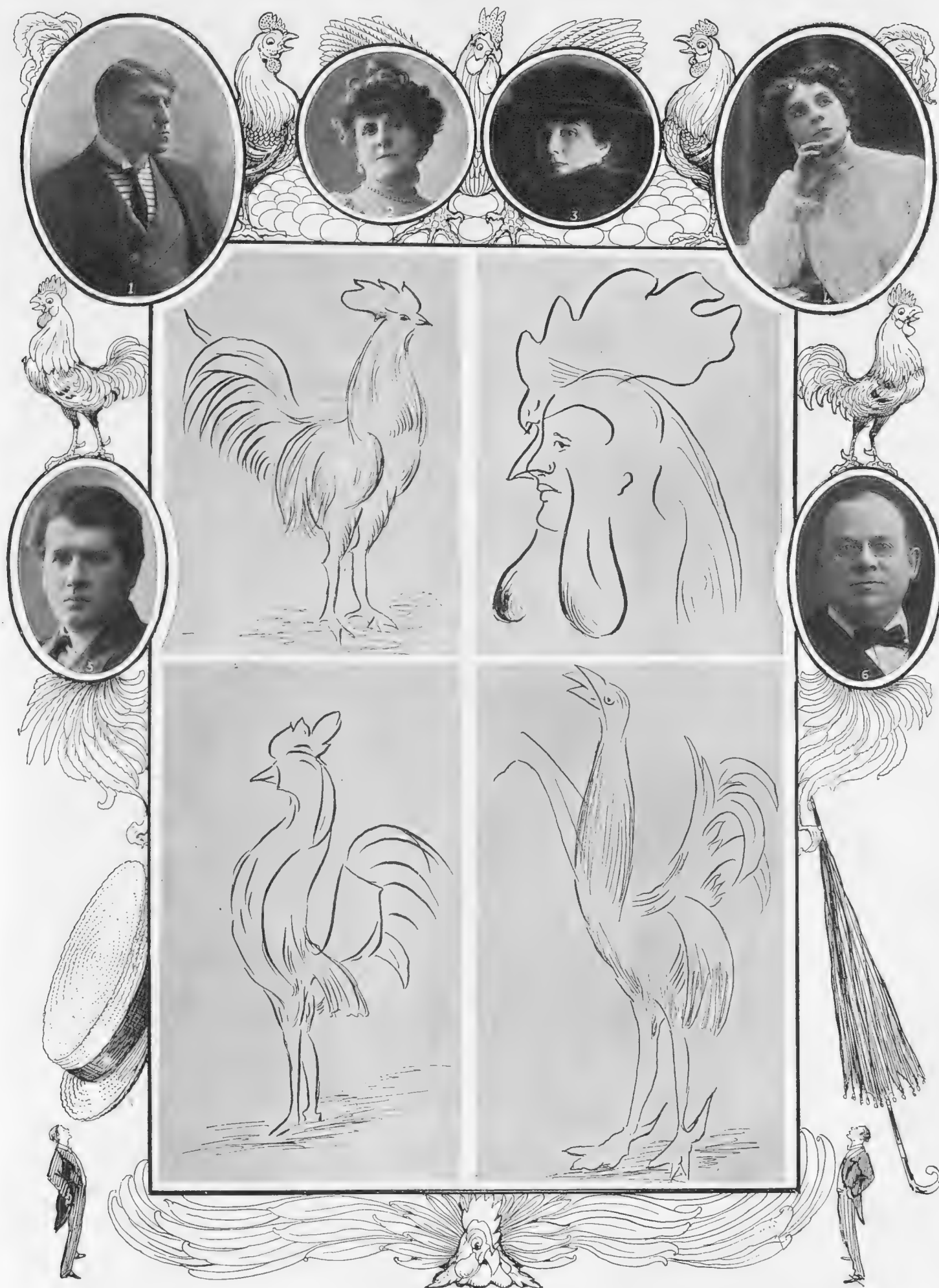
THE LITTLE DAUGHTER OF A FAMOUS PHYSICIAN: MISS MARGARET REID.

Miss Margaret Reid is the daughter of Sir James Reid, the popular Court physician. Her mother was one of Queen Victoria's Maids-of-Honour. Little Miss Reid is now four years old. Her brother has the King for godfather.—[Photo. by Ellen Macnaghten.]



## COCORICO INDEED! ROSTAND'S "GRIBOUILLAGES":

THE POET'S ROUGH SKETCHES FOR COSTUMES IN "CHANTECLER."



## THE COCK OVER WHICH ALL PARIS IS CROWING: M. ROSTAND'S OWN IDEAS FOR HIS PLUMAGE.

Not long ago a French paper declared that—barring earthquake, cataclysm, fire, revolution, volcanic eruption, pulverisation of our planet, or a cold in the head on the part of the Pheasant, the Cock, the Blackbird, or the Nightingale—the long-deferred first performance of Rostand's "Chantecler" would take place at the Porte Saint-Martin Theatre on January 28. As it happened, however, a national calamity (though not one of those enumerated above)—the Paris floods, to wit—did actually occur to postpone the première once more. The four rough sketches in the centre of our page were drawn by M. Rostand himself, who modestly described them as "gribouillages," or scrawls, and not worthy of preservation. Our readers, we fancy, will think differently. These sketches were made for Mr. Clarkson, of Wardour Street fame, by whose courtesy we publish them, and who prepared a magnificent set of costumes for "Chantecler," now the subject of an action in the French courts. In the border we give portraits of the chief players: 1. M. Lucien Guitry (the Cock); 2. Mlle. A. Leriche (the Guinea-fowl); 3. Mme. Mellot (the Nightingale); 4. Mme. Simone le Bargy (the Pheasant); 5. M. Dorival (the Screech-owl in Paris, and the Cock on tour); and 6. M. Jean Coquelin (the Dog). In the border are also the gigantic straw hat (13 feet in circumference) and the colossal umbrella (32½ feet long) which, with other monstrous big things, form part of the stage properties.

Photographs by Bert. Mannel, and Photographie d'Art, Femina.



# THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS

By E. F. S. (MONOCLE.)

**"Beethoven."** Although by the time when this is published "Beethoven" will be off again, it is right to refer to the revival, for a week, at His Majesty's. Nobody will allege that M. René Fauchois' play has much quality as drama; everybody admits that Mr. L. N. Parker has written his version in an elegant, skilful way. The interest in the matter lies in the presentation of the name-part, and Sir Herbert has greatly improved his already admirable performance. The make-up aspect of the matter is not important, in my humble opinion; far too much importance is attached to this. Where men are entirely unlike one another the best effort of make-up is really a case of the nearer the farther, and the effort is quite needless; and yet it pleases the simple-minded. The other day I saw a young man in a music-hall, with a name somewhat surprising in relation to his obvious nationality, who by means of false whiskers or moustaches, or beards, or wigs, presented himself as a number of great, or, rather, notable people, and was heartily applauded. Yet the illusion was hardly even skin-deep: it was a triumph of what, I fancy, a popular journalist has called "hair furniture." Far more important than Sir Herbert's wig, made by somebody else, and stoop, and grease-paint and things that rather blurred his face—though I believe that he showed the utmost development of the art of make-up—was his acting. Whether the paraphrase would be true, "Who acts great mortals should himself be great," I do not know, but I do know that the actor gave us a glimpse of the greatness of Beethoven as a man. A very pathetic picture was set before us, tragic too, and the player's splendid powers have rarely been presented so fully as in his portrait of the immortal. I am sorry for the playgoers that take an interest in acting who have missed this. Of the excellent cast it is needless to speak individually, but a word is due concerning Miss Hilda Moore, a young lady new to me, for although the character of Giulietta did not suit her very well, she played it ably and with much charm.

## A New Sketch at the Empire.

Ought dramatic critics to write plays? There is a subject for a discussion at the theatrical clubs, which I have no intention of opening, nor do I purpose offering an answer in this column; but I go so far as to assert that when they do—and get them produced—it would be well if they were to keep their names off the programme. The new farce at the Empire Theatre is by a well-known and esteemed critic, Mr. Malcolm Watson, who has to his credit a drama called "The Pharisee," a serious, thoughtful comedy much admired—indeed, it was quite a pioneer play. Why, then, should he give playgoers and playwrights the opportunity of asking what right he has to criticise the serious efforts of modern dramatists, if his new piece is the kind of thing which he admires? "A Change of Front" serves its purpose perfectly; it amused an Empire audience greatly, and gave Miss Fanny Brough a good part. As drama, it is a simple, elementary work, carried on to a large extent by soliloquies and "asides," and, but for a phrase or two, it might have been written a

hundred years ago. The audience roared with laughter—yet, as a brother critic, I felt a little sad. There is a market for this kind of piece; but their production at the halls makes one doubt whether any good thing will come out of the variety theatres. A few years ago, sanguine people prophesied that the music-halls would be a kind of nursery for the drama—they are not even a crèche. Miss Fanny Brough had a triumph. Who but she can play a Fanny Brough part, can represent farcical distress so richly? Imagine her wrathful, voluble, shouting denunciation for three minutes at her husband, and giving him no chance of explaining that he was quite innocent, was lunching with his own sister.

What a strenuous creature when she really is allowed to get into full swing! "A Change of Front" assists a programme containing "Round the World," which is one of the Empire's best modern ballets, with charming dances, pretty pictures, lively music, and an effective story.

## "The Parents' Progress."

"George Paston's" new curtain-raiser at the Prince of Wales's Theatre hardly shows that gift of observing the small things of life expected from its very talented author. In "The Parents' Progress" she has taken for her scene a corner of Balham where young people are supposed to refer frequently to things which the "Smart Set" do, or don't; and much is made of the supposed social rivalry between Balham and Notting Hill Gate. The dissatisfaction of children with their parents is the basis of the play; in the end the children learn wisdom. This corner of Balham is purely a fiction of the theatre. There never were people who aired so frankly and so unblushingly their ideas of what the "Smart Set" would approve, or displayed in a few minutes so large a number of the conventional stage-illustrations of snobbishness; nor is it probable that any young lady from a shop ever wore so remarkable a dress or such a lofty air of contempt as Miss Williams, who showed what Kensington thought of Balham. However, the piece provided some amusement, and the parts were ably played by Miss Clare

Greet and Mr. T. Gideon Warren. Mr. Ernest Thesiger acted cleverly as the young man from the City, and Miss Ruby Miller was as haughty as could be required, and gave a realistic imitation of a young person singing a popular song. The little piece was favourably received, and as an ordinary curtain-raiser it will serve its purpose; but satire so blunt is a very harmless weapon, and Balham will not feel the sting of the attack.

## "The Little Damozel."

The presentation of "The Parents' Progress" marks the fact that "The Little Damozel" is one of the successes of the season, and that Mr. Hoffer, the author, has scored a "hit" with his first venture. The mixture of sentiment and humour seems exactly to the public taste, and the popularity of the piece, apparently, is far from exhausted. No small share in the triumph belongs to Miss May Blayney, whose acting delights the audience, and entitles her to be added to the list of popular leading ladies of the London stage.



FOLLOWING IN HER FAMOUS SISTER'S FOOTSTEPS: MISS MARGUERITE MAY, SISTER OF MISS EDNA MAY, WHO HAS GONE ON THE MUSICAL-COMEDY STAGE.

Miss Marguerite May, who is Miss Edna May's youngest sister, has just made her first appearance on the English stage in "The Dollar Princess," at Daly's. She is taking the part of Sadie Von Tromp, created by another fair American, Miss May Kinder, who recently left the stage to be married.—[Photograph by the Dover Street Studios.]



THEN SHE SEES SHE SKIS.

TOP 6-13



"Now then, Ethel, look your best. Here are the Browne-Smythes coming."

*(Ethel had already seen the Browne-Smythes.)*

DRAWN BY HARRY ROUNTREE.



# GROWLS

By COSMO HAMILTON.

## The Tuppenny Tube.

You haven't cashed a cheque at the bank. You haven't written one at the club on a club form which you will afterwards forget to make a note of and which will cause you to speak angrily to the bank for not having been accurate in making up your pass-book. Or perhaps you have met an old friend at Paddington, or whatever your station may be—if you have a station—who will have negotiated a loan, to be redeemed at half-past one on Wednesday week, which will have left you quite dry except for a nimble twopence or so. Say that you are, however, at Paddington, and that it is necessary and pleasant to get into civilisation as quickly as possible. Being dry, then, you remember a New Year's resolution to cut down personal expenses by giving taxi-cabs a rest, and so, instead of taking a red, yellow, or striped rattle-box and getting the always obliging club porter to pay your fare, you adopt a "Pilgrim's Progress" expression and enter the tube at Praed Street with erect head, puffed-out chest, and a warm feeling of self-congratulation. So far, good. It may be raining, but the tube is dry. There may be a pneumoniaccal wind; the tube is disturbed only by the gentlest of breezes. It may be icy cold; the tube is warm. Or it may be as hot as Sahara; the tube is as cool as a cucumber. You book to Piccadilly Circus, and you are informed by an imitation American official with the manner of pretended hustle that you will have to change at Baker Street. Very well, why not? You go down a series of passages, quite clean and white-tiled, and your eye is kept constantly amused and interested by innumerable fancy pictures of Mr. Lewis Waller by an artist of rich imagination and no sense of likeness. You see that Mr. Cyril Maude is announced as "supporting" little Miss Something Something, the child Bernhardt, at a variety theatre. You see pictures of utterly new fiddlers, with utterly long hair, with utterly queer names, and you are highly attracted by highly coloured drawings of quite creamy girls in skin-tight yellow dresses on roller-skates. In short, your long walk from ticket-office to platform—broken only by a slight adventure in a lift, in which you see exquisite drawings of country houses which may be had almost for nothing, and of those portions of a lady's costume which it is only right to speak about in French—is rendered very pleasant and is illustrated by a very pageant of colour. So far, good.

## The Ticket Question.

You have, up to this point, shown your ticket once, and you have put it away in a safe place in order that you may find it without protracted search at your destination. What! as that poor, dear old Bee used to say. Well, the train comes in, there is

an imitation American hustle, a collection of heterogeneous creatures does a scrum, and you wait until they have fought and struggled, and then enter with almost royal dignity, and off you go. You don't read the morning paper because you read it the night before, so you study the faces and the shoes of the people opposite until they notice it, whereupon you become interested in official directions as to exhortation, exhortations as to your future made by a Society for the Puzzlement and Discomfort of Struggling Humanity, glance briefly at the female form divine as represented by the lady fashion artist, and find yourself at the first station. You are unable to discover its name, which may be either a "Feast of Fun," the "Finest Play of the Century," "Have you seen Lewis Waller as Walter R-a-l-e-g-h?"—I suppose that the author was afraid of libel actions—or it may be that the place you have arrived at is called Selfridge. Upon a timid inquiry from the large lady on your left you find that it is Edgware Road. A minute passes, and the large lady, obviously under the impression that you are either a countryman or a suspicious person, informs you of the fact that it is Baker Street, and you make a leisurely, royal exit. So far, good.



OF GREAT INTEREST TO ALL DOCTORS: THE BRITTLE MAN, WHO HAS TO USE CURLING-TONGS TO PUT ON HIS SPECTACLES.

Alban Rushbrook, an inmate of the workhouse infirmary at Swainsthorpe, Norwich, is known as "the Brittle Man." He is suffering from myositis ossificans, and the doctors can do nothing for him. All his muscles have been turning to bone since he was eight years old. He is now forty-two, and when he is not lying full length in bed has to be propped against a wall. He can read and smoke, and his mind is not affected.

Photograph by Halfstones.

Punching. Along more passages, through another station, where you find a train about to start to a hitherto unheard-of place, familiarly called Neasden, and up a long flight of wooden stairs. And here, if I may, I will disclose to you the kernel of my growl. An impudent and horny hand is thrust out. Your ticket is demanded, and you are subjected to the inconvenience of finding it, and are made to search through all your pockets, missing train after train, until at last you alight upon it in the one in which you carefully placed it. Having exposed it to the man's view, he punches it, and you pass on, hot, gleaming, and studiously cool. Again you put the ticket in its safe place. Again you wander through kilometres of passages, and again you come to a lift. You attempt to enter, and again a horny hand is thrust forth and your ticket is demanded. Ruddier than the cherry, you search again, detaining dozens of busy people, being eyed with distrust and suspicion by yet another imitation American official. Is this the last time

that you have to search and expose? No. If it is an unlucky day, a person will enter the train to scrutinise. "All tickets, please!" is his offensive remark. And when at last, arriving at Piccadilly Circus, your poor, unfortunate ticket leaves you for good, it has been punched out of all recognition. Now, if this isn't a legitimate reason for a growl, give me one.



ANTICIPATING HOME RULE: A BOND OF THE IRISH REPUBLIC VERY MUCH DRAWN ON THE FUTURE.

A photograph of a \$20 bond on the Irish Republic, promising to pay on behalf of the Fenian head centre to Miles O'Reilly or bearer the sum of twenty dollars on the formation of the Irish Republic. It is signed by Charles Stephen and is dated March 10, 1863. The ultimate redemption of such bonds is extremely doubtful.



*The World — Through the Eyes of a Pessimist.*



NO. V.—CLAPHAM JUNCTION, WHEN HIS WIFE'S TRAIN IS HALF A MINUTE LATE.

DRAWN BY G. E. STUDDY.



## AN OUT-OF-BREATH VIEW OF MONTE CARLO: PRINCE ALBERT'S LITTLE KINGDOM

FROM THE HEIGHTS ABOVE THE PRINCIPALITY.





1. AFTER A STIFF CLIMB-IN THE FUNICULAR: A VIEW OF MONACO, SHOWING THE PRINCE'S PALACE, THE OCEANOGRAPHICAL MUSEUM, AND THE TOWN.

2. MONTE CARLO SPREAD OUT LIKE A MAP: A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF SOCIETY'S WINTER PARADISE.

In the top photograph, the building standing up against the sea, in the middle of the headland, is the Oceanographical Museum. The scientific study of the ocean depths is a subject in which Prince Albert of Monaco takes great interest. At the nearer end of the headland is the Palace, and below it, to the left, lie the town and harbour of Monaco. In the lower view, taken from the same point as the other, but looking more to the left, one can see Monte Carlo, which might be described as Society's winter paradise, as it were, spread out like a map. Facing the harbour is the Condamine, and on the hill to the left is the famous Casino. In the distance the Cap Martin stretches out into the Mediterranean.—[Photographs by Bolak.]



# THE LITERARY LOUNGER

## PEARY'S OWN STORY OF THE POLE.\*

COMMANDER PEARY'S conquest of the North Pole was the crown of a life-long determination to penetrate the mysteries of the great white North—"the magnetic North," as it has been indeed to him—and his story of the final achievement of his goal may truly be said to surpass in its enthralling interest all

in his employment, is one whose word the world can implicitly accept.

Of deep human interest and pathos, too, are his allusions to his wife, and the account of his parting from her and his children when he set out once more for the frozen North, a parting which they both knew might be their last. "I had promised my wife," he writes, "that if she would consent to my trying for the Pole once more, it should be the last time." The final leave-taking took place at sea. The *Roosevelt* left Sydney (not the Australian Sydney, but the one near Cape Breton, in Newfoundland) on July 17, 1908. "A little tug which we had chartered to take our guests back to Sydney followed the *Roosevelt* as far as Low Point Light, outside the harbour; there she ran alongside, and Mrs. Peary and the children and Captain Borup, with two or three other friends, transferred to her. As my five-year-old son, Robert junior, kissed me good-bye, he said, 'Come back soon, Dad.' With reluctant eyes I watched the little tug grow smaller and smaller in the blue distance. Another farewell—and there had been so many! Brave, noble little woman! You have borne with me the brunt of all my Arctic work."

As to the Eskimos, Commander Peary has much to tell that is of the greatest interest, and he speaks of them, in his usual hearty and warm-hearted way, as "these faithful dwellers of the North, who had been my constant companions for so many years. . . . Since

On Safari, North of Mt. Kenia, Sept. 22, 1909.  
Dear Mr. Bridgman—Your cable has just been brought me by a native runner, Lee in my camp of the Guars Nyero. I am writing to Mrs. Peary and to Captain Peary; I have no idea where he is. I am immensely rejoiced at his wonderful triumph; and proud beyond measure, as an American, that this, one of the great feats of the ages, should have been performed by a fellow-countryman of ours. It is the great feat of our generation. We are all Captain Peary's debtors—all of us who belong to civilized mankind.—With heartiest congratulations,  
faithfully yours,  
Theodore Roosevelt.

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faithfully yours, Theodore Roosevelt.

### WRITTEN ON SAFARI: MR. ROOSEVELT'S LETTER OF CONGRATULATION ON COMMANDER PEARY'S ACHIEVEMENT.

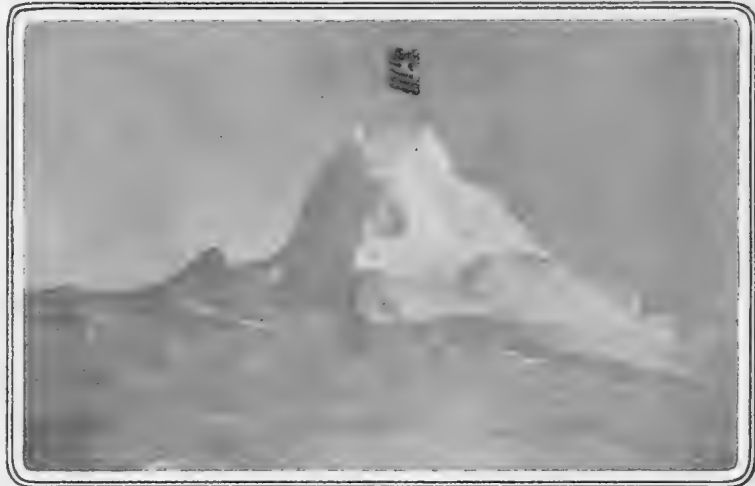
The above is a facsimile reproduction (with a transcription) of Mr. Roosevelt's letter to a friend on receipt of the news that Peary had reached the North Pole. The letter was written while the ex-President was "on safari" (which means much the same as "on trek") in Africa.

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tales of travel that have yet been given to the world. Now, through the enterprise of one of the most readable and popular of British magazines—*Nash's*, to wit—which is to pay no less a sum than £11,800 for the British and American serial rights of Peary's own narrative and photographs, we are enabled to follow the great adventure step by step, as it is told by that indomitable American, who, after twenty-five years of Arctic exploration, at last succeeded in planting the flag of his country at the northern apex of the globe.

"My interest in Arctic work," writes Commander Peary, "dates back to 1885, when as a young man my imagination was aroused by reading accounts of explorations in the interior of Greenland by Nordenskjöld. These studies took full possession of my mind and led to my undertaking, entirely alone, a summer trip to Greenland in the following year. Somewhere in my sub-conscious self, even so long ago as that, there may have been a gradually dawning hope that I might some day reach the Pole itself. . . ."

The gallant Commander writes in the warmest and most affectionate terms of all the members of his expedition; of Robert Bartlett, the British captain of the *Roosevelt*, "'Captain Bob,' as we affectionately call him. . . . tireless, faithful, enthusiastic, true as the compass"; of Matthew Henson, "my negro assistant," who "has been with me in one capacity or another since my second trip to Nicaragua in 1887"; of "a loved member of my own party, Professor Ross G. Marvin, who . . . was fated to add his name to this long list of Arctic victims, and . . . his grave, in uncounted fathoms of black water, was to be the most northerly grave of this earth." The reader cannot but feel that a man who speaks in this tone of his friends, and who has commanded such long and faithful service from those



THE STARS AND STRIPES NAILED TO THE NORTH POLE, COMMANDER PEARY'S KODAK PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN AT THE APEX OF THE EARTH.

This unique photograph was taken by Commander Peary with a Kodak on his arrival at the North Pole on April 6, 1909. He spent about thirty hours in the vicinity, making observations and taking photographs.

Reproduced by arrangement with "Nash's Magazine."

1891 I have been living and working with these people, gaining their absolute confidence, making them my debtors for things which I have given them, earning their gratitude by saving, time after time, the lives of their wives and children by supplying them with

food when they were on the verge of starvation. . . . I know every man, woman, and child in the tribe, from Cape York to Etah."

And what of Commander Peary's emotions when he at length reached the goal of his desires? "On the 6th day of April, 1909, all memory of these moments of depression disappeared in the fierce surge of emotion with which I recognised that at last, at last, I had won the peerless prize. . . . The attainment of the Pole was the culmination of days and weeks of forced marches, physical discomfort, insufficient sleep, and racking anxiety. . . . My most impelling desire, when I knew for a certainty that I had reached my goal, was for a little rest; but after two or three hours of absolutely fatigue-impelled sleep, a state of mental exaltation made further rest impossible."



LUCKY DOGS! PEARY'S ESKIMO DOGS WHICH WENT TO THE NORTH POLE.

The Eskimo dogs, which went with Peary to the North Pole, formed such an important part of his equipment. Before the start of the expedition they were kept on an island in Casco Bay, on the coast of Maine.

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\*"The Discovery of the North Pole." By Robert E. Peary, U.S.N., published first in *Nash's Magazine*, the February number of which contains the first instalment.

A TRUNK CALL.



73913v.7 47725

THE ELEPHANT: Great Scott! I'm going to sneeze.

DRAWN BY STARR WOOD.



# KEYNOTES

## THE THEATRE ORCHESTRA.

DOWN to a few years ago, the sounds that beguiled the tedium of the entr'acte in the most of our theatres enjoyed the title of "music" by courtesy only. Save in a few of the very best houses, the "selection" consisted of a weird and unpleasant collection of noises made by gentlemen whose general appearance suggested that they came from some part of the town in which

local veto was unknown. The conductor of the orchestra would start off with much energy, and the thud of his bâton on the desk would enforce some passing deference to time; but before the evening was over the conductor would remember that "Man is one and the Fates are three"—he would retire from an unequal contest and cease from striving after the measure of precision that was clearly unattainable. Night after night he would look round upon new faces, for members of his regular orchestra sent substitutes as often as they thought they would, and the only distinguishing features of regular and deputy were the moist lip and the rubicund visage. To make matters worse, the proportions of the orchestra were

educated musician, who would not try to play the overture to "Tannhäuser" with the help of four violins and a cornet-à-piston, and would be equally averse from loading the programme with his own unplayable compositions. He has ambitions, and his orchestra shares them; one and all are doing their best, and regard the theatre orchestra as something they must make as good as possible, that it may be a stepping-stone to higher things. Only last year that gifted actress and clever manager Miss Lena Ashwell engaged four brilliant players—two violinists, a viola-player, and a 'cellist—and made the entr'actes in her theatre as delightful as the plays themselves.

With the increase of knowledge the theatre orchestra has found a new repertory; the directors have discovered beautiful music that may be rendered effectively by a small orchestra, and though the concessions to what is called popular taste are still too much in evidence, and deputies are all too common, it must be confessed that the lightest and most trivial pieces are played with a measure of style and finish that makes them as attractive as possible. One can sit through the "musical selection" at any first-class theatre to-day, and at some of the outlying houses too, without feeling grateful to Theophile Gautier for his statement that music is the most disagreeable of all sounds. One of the most significant tributes to our musical progress was seen at Covent Garden last year, when in the winter season Dr. Richter presided over an orchestra in which many of the players were, seemingly, still in their teens, or only just out of them.

It may be suggested that the marked improvement in the theatre orchestra is but one of the many evidences of a growing musical culture in this country. In the old days good music would have been an unnecessary expense. The late Colonel Mapleson told the writer of one of his financial supporters who came up to him during a rehearsal one day and said, "I say, Mapleson, there's a chap in that orchestra who isn't worth keeping. It's just waste of money—he doesn't do a stroke of work. I've watched him for ten minutes and he hasn't played a note." The Colonel went to have a look at the delinquent, who, if memory serves me right, was in charge of the ophicleide or the bass-tuba. But he had great difficulty in persuading the financial gentleman that it was necessary to employ the player and to pay him for keeping quiet for the greater part of the performance.

Happily, that type of amateur is well-nigh extinct, and all he stood for in the way of supreme ignorance is passing or has passed. Musical education has made vast strides, and progress is nowhere more apparent than in the orchestra that the modern theatre provides. For this relief, much thanks.



FROM MERRY WIDOW TO MERRY MAY:  
MISS MARY GREY AT THE PALACE.

Miss Mary Grey, who made a success in "The Merry Widow" and "The Waltz Dream," is now appearing at the Palace Theatre, where she is singing "Merry May," specially written for her by Dr. Albert, and other songs.

Photograph by the Dover Street Studios.

always wrong: if it was less than a dozen strong, there was bound to be some brass in it; the tone of the strings was invariably thin and poor, and the gentlemen who interpreted the message of the wood-wind were a morose, pessimistic, and stiff-necked generation, who thought that they ought to set the time, and that strings were quite a secondary part of the orchestra. From time to time the composer would include in the programme a piece of his own composition—a waltz that awakened reminiscences of themes that Strauss, Lanner, or Waldteufel had employed in years gone by; or a march that bore itself as became a poor relation of some better-remembered work. Then, and then only, did the players know they must pull themselves together.

There was something to be said for the old order of things. It reconciled Britons, when they went to theatres on the Continent, to the absence of an orchestra in the theatres; in London it drove mere men to the bars, where they found refreshment that resembled the music in quality, and imposed temperance upon all save those whose digestions were above suspicion and whose wealth was equal to the heavy strain upon it; it relieved the theatre from the suspicion of being perfect at every point. And, finally, it may have served to keep playgoers from becoming concert-goers, for surely those who thought that what they listened to in the intervals was really and truly music would have no ambition to pursue the study further. "Music," said Fuller, "is but wild sounds civilised into time and tune"—in many theatres only a few years ago the civilising process had not yet begun.

He whose memory of theatre orchestras can travel back over twenty-five years must note an immense change for the better to-day. The old highly alcoholised generation has departed; the younger generation has knocked successfully at the theatre door. Our schools of music have turned out thousands, literally thousands, of competent players, who, in addition to the necessary facility for reading at sight and playing in tune, are the possessors of good instruments and some sound knowledge. The conductor is often an



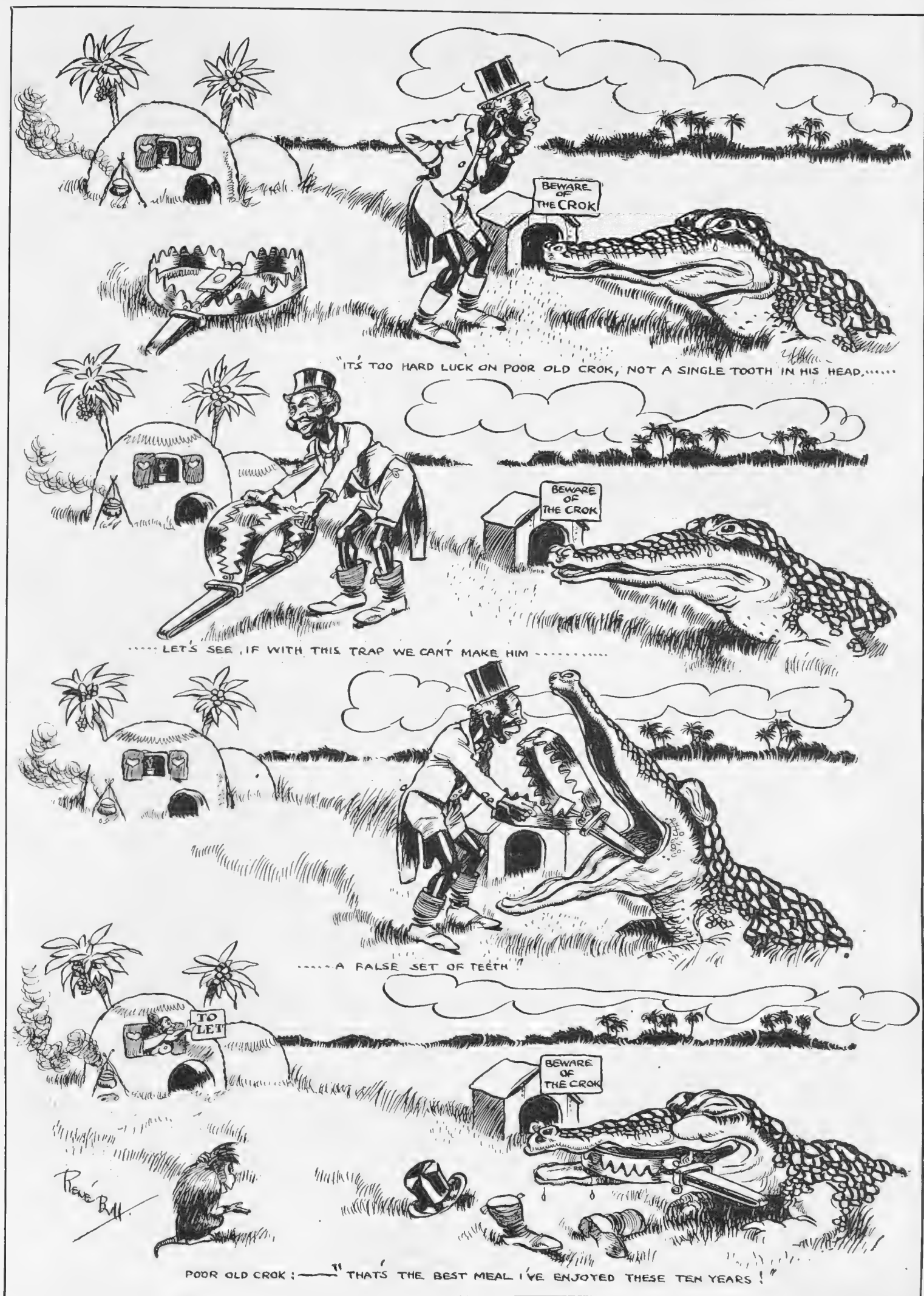
A DEMON FOR DALY'S, AND LESS  
"KNOX" AT THE OVAL.

Mr. N. A. Knox, the well-known Surrey cricketer, has joined "The Dollar Princess" company at Daly's. While he played for his county he was famed for the extraordinary pace of his bowling, which always inspired fear in the batsmen. He studied under Jean de Reszke, in Paris, and has a fine baritone voice. He is understudying another well-known cricketer, Mr. Basil Foster.—[Photograph by Sport and General.]

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COMMON CHORD.

FALSE TEETH AND CROCODILE'S TEARS.



A T(R)OOTHFUL STORY: THE PHILANTHROPIST AND THE CROCODILE.

DRAWN BY RENÉ BULL.





# A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL

## HER CHANCE.

By V. H. FRIEDLAENDER.

AS she waited in her dressing-room for the Dramatist, the Actress fell to dreaming once more about her chance. She was young enough to feel she had already waited half eternity for it, and old enough to see that she might quite easily have to wait the other half.

There was a knock at the door, and her face brightened. "Come in," she called.

But it was not the Dramatist, after all. "Oh!" she said, in surprise.

The Actor-Manager shut the door and leaned against it, and she thought once again how much more like an elderly, colourless clerk he looked than an Actor-Manager. She had spoken of it to the Dramatist only the day before.

"It's as if his characters had eaten up his character," she had explained.

"Yes," he had answered. "Off the stage he's like a man wrapped in a blanket and looking for his clothes, isn't he?"

"Or a bubble," she had capped, "before you blow."

And then the Dramatist had given a delighted gurgle and found the name that was to stick—"A vacuum!"

She thought, as he stood there, how exactly it fitted him, and felt a little secret glow of pride in the Dramatist.

"Thought you'd be alone," remarked the Actor-Manager.

"Yes," said the Actress, marvelling. "Miss Crane doesn't go on till the last act."

He drew a slip of paper from his pocket-book and handed it to her. "What do you think of that?" he inquired, in his monotonous voice.

Her hand shook a little as she read the heading—"Yvonne." It was a roughly scribbled cast of the new play, and she glanced feverishly down it for her own name. Down—down—her heart going with it. Suddenly she gave a cry of astonished joy.

"You—you have given me Yvonne?" she gasped. "Me?" Her face was radiant.

"Subject to alteration," he answered.

For a moment she looked startled; then she smiled. "Oh, you mean if I don't do? Of course. But—but I'll do; you'll see! And—thank you." Her voice trembled.

"No, I didn't mean that," he said.

"Not that?" She was uneasy. What in the world, then, could he mean?

"No. Miss Freyne expects Yvonne, you know; there'll be the deuce of a row if she doesn't get it. And then there's Miss Clavering. Awkward corners, both of them, for me. Don't want to lose either of those two, you understand."

"No, I see," she admitted anxiously. Both were women whose footing was secure—who could afford tempers.

"Of course," he went on, "they're both too full of themselves. Miss Freyne's Yvonne would be a bit too frivolous, and Miss Clavering's too serpentine—for me, that is. The public expects them that way, whatever they play."

She could not resist a smile. He killed it calmly. "You're full of yourself, too, you know. It's a frightful risk. Yvonne wants acting, and I've no guarantee that you can act."

The injustice of it stung her. "I've never had a chance yet; you know I haven't!"

He looked at her. "A frightful risk," he repeated. "You might do, or you mightn't."

She made a despairing gesture. "Then did you cast me for Yvonne," she asked, "simply for the pleasure of crossing my name out again?" She felt a little stab of fear as soon as it was out, but he did not punish her for the temper she could not afford.

"No," he said. "But if I give you Yvonne in face of all the difficulties and risks, I want something in return."

"In return?" Her eyes widened. "From me?"

"I want you to marry me."

She stood quite still, staring at him. The very idea of this man, who was somehow not a man at all, wanting to marry anyone was grotesque—revolting; that he should want to marry her was terrifying.

"Oh, no! no!" she gasped, with a rather awful sincerity.

He took it, as he took everything off the stage, without the least emotion. "Certain?" he asked.

"Oh, I'm sorry, but—quite, quite certain."

He nodded. "Someone else?"

Her pulses thrilled to the remembrance of that other. "Yes."

The Actor-Manager picked up the scribbled cast and frowned over it. "Let me see," he mused, with pencil poised.

The Actress looked at his bent head despairingly. Her chance was gone. He had simply turned as from one matter of business to another. She had refused to marry him, and he was recasting the play. It was not spite; it was not cruelty; it was simply business. For a consideration he had been willing to go to the trouble of giving her her chance; she had refused to meet him, and the matter was ended. He would not do anything ill-natured; he would not send her away; she simply became once more what she had been—a young, untried actress who did quite satisfactorily in small parts.

The Actor-Manager turned the paper over, and began to re-write the names of the characters in "Yvonne," leaving a space opposite each. Presently his pencil stopped.

"Lady Agnes Willow," he said, "or Willowe?" The tiny detail arrested him, and suddenly he took a coin from his pocket and spun it. "Heads," he said quite seriously; "with an 'e'"—and went on writing.

She flushed with excitement: he had given her an idea. In this one quarter he was vulnerable—almost human. He had the gambler's spirit. Could she not work on it—turn it to account? Her chance was slipping away, and she wanted it so badly . . . not only for herself . . . it would be such a help to the Dramatist. . . .

She sprang to her feet. "Don't!" she implored. "Don't take it away like that. Give me a chance—a sporting chance!"

Before he had grasped her meaning she had flown across the room, opened a blotter, and torn a sheet of paper in half. Scribbling her name hastily, she folded both pieces of paper, and came back to him holding one in each hand.

"Give me a chance," she entreated again, with a sob in her voice. "Choose one of them, and if—if it's the blank one let me fill in the blank opposite my name." She nodded towards the cast.

The Actor-Manager hesitated—and was lost. It was not her beauty that moved him, it was not her tears. The Actor was proof against the one, the Manager against the other. But to the gambler there was a curious compelling force about the two slips of paper. For a quarter of a minute the Actor-Manager was vanquished. He took one of the slips and opened it. The Actress leaned forward and looked. She gave a cry of joy.

"Oh, what luck! what luck!" She flung the other slip away and held out her hand for the cast. The Actor-Manager gave it to her.

"I'm a damned fool!" he said grimly.

She was writing her name opposite "Yvonne," but she looked up with sudden earnestness. "Ah, no! Don't say that! It's the chance of my life, and—I'll do. Oh, I promise you I'll do!"

He shrugged his shoulders. "If only I knew whether you could act," he said, and with a glance at his watch went out. But in less than a minute he was back again, looking at the Actress as though he had never seen her before.

"Yes?" she asked apprehensively.

He did what he had never been known to do off the stage; he chuckled.

"Right," he said. "You'll do", and hurrying away collided with the Dramatist.

"Come in," said the Actress. She cleared a space on the dressing-table and got out a plan.

"Look," she said, continuing their conversation of the night before, "I've thought of a way. You simply can't have Act. II. in the lighthouse. There are too many people coming in and out for a Lamp Room that mustn't have more than one door."

"I know," he mourned. "But I just hate to give up that Lamp Room. It's—it's gorgeous."

"Of course it's gorgeous, and you mustn't give it up. But don't you see?—save it for Act III. There's hardly a thing that won't fit in."

"By Jove!" He gave it a moment's thought, and then caught her hands impulsively. "Of course! What a brick you are! It will be the making of it. I say, you—you do help me, Vic."

"Do I? I'm glad." She smiled with sudden radiance.

"I'm going to be able to help you heaps more."

"Really? How?"

"I've got my chance."

[Continued overleaf.]

HALL WRONG.

FOR SALE.



WORKING MAN: This 'ere Tariff Reform will ruin the Empire.  
CONCIERGE: I don't care—I works for the 'Ippodrome.

DRAWN BY TONY SARG.



"No! Have you? I am glad. Tell me."

"I'm going to play Yvonne."

He whistled. "Oh, but I say, that's fine! How on earth did you squeeze it out of the Vacuum?"

She was grave at once. "By a nasty, mean, dishonourable trick that will make me squirm as long as I live."

His eyes were full of wonder.

"He—he wanted to marry me," she said.

The Dramatist gave a great shout of young laughter. "The Vacuum did?"

"Yes"

"Well, upon my word! Did he mention which of his parts he usually wore at home, or is he a Vacuum there, too?"

"I—I stopped him, of course."

"Of course. And then did he lay Yvonne at your feet, as a token of his undying—etc.?"

She laughed half-heartedly. "Not exactly. He—snatched it away."

"Beast!"

"So I got it back."

"Hooray! How?"

"Well, you know he can't resist trusting to luck occasionally?"

He nodded. "Slight leak in the vacuum."

"Yes. Well, I rushed him. I made him choose one of two slips of paper. If he chose the blank one I was to have Yvonne; if the one with my name on, I wasn't."

"By Jove! And you won?"

"Yes." She flushed. "Because I didn't put my name on either of them. I put it on the blotting-paper. He guessed afterwards, but he was rather pleased. He thinks I'll do for Yvonne, you see, if I could act well enough to deceive him."

The Dramatist's eyes grew eager, but they were looking beyond her. "What a situation!" he murmured. He turned to her after a minute. "You see? Business of slips of paper bang at the beginning, and the issue something—something that needn't be given away, and that you could make a sort of see-saw of right through two or three acts; then at the end—bang again! Both slips blank, and the whole see-saw a blind." He laughed gleefully. "I say, do you think the Vacuum would take it?"

"What?"

"Why, a play like that. Or would it lacerate his feelings after to-night, do you think?" He made a grimace. "Better try him with the lighthouse first, perhaps. What do you think?"

She nodded, smiling, but her mind was far away. How strange

it was!

This thing

that to her

had been

a slice of

real life—

a distinct-

ly glorious

slice of

her own

life—was

not that

to either

of them.

To the

Actor-

Manager

it had

been a

guarantee

of effici-

ency; to

the Dra-

matist it

was an

idea for a

situation

in a play.

She

glanced at

the clock

and rose.

"I go on

in a min-

ute or

two," she

said. "I

shan't be

long, if

you would

like to

wait."

"Yes,

please,"

he said.

There was

prompt

pleasure

in his voice, and she thrilled to it. After all, he was quite different from the Actor-Manager—he was a man as well as a dramatist.

When she came back his mood had changed. He looked tired and dispirited.

"What is it, Jim?" she asked gently.

He turned. "Oh, nothing much. I was only thinking. Vic, I'm a jealous beast!"

Her heart leapt. It had stirred him then, after all—the thought that another man wanted her.

"I was actually envying you your chance, Vic."

"My chance?" she repeated vaguely.

"Yes. Wishing mine would come along too, you know."

She nodded with quick sympathy. "Only wait," she encouraged.

"I'll be able to help directly; you'll see."

"Yes, but I don't want to wait." He laughed ruefully. "Vic, I want you to know first; you've been such a pal to me. I didn't really come to talk plays to-night, but to tell you. Vic, she's such an angel, and her hair is like—like spun primroses."

The Actress gave a little cry, and he stopped in surprise.

"Spun primroses," she said. "I couldn't help it; it's—it's darling."

"Is it?" he asked with entire simplicity. "I didn't think of it. I wouldn't turn her into—into any sort of copy, you know."

He was quite unconscious of just having done that very thing in the case of the Actress. "But, I say, Vic, it's pretty awful. Unless I make a hit, goodness only knows when we can marry. And she's miserable at home. Beast of a stepfather."

"I'm so sorry," the Actress said. "You know I'll do my very, very best, Jim. I'll make my chance do for both of us. When will you bring her to see me?" She gave him her hands. "Congratulations, Jimmy dear!"

"You are a trump, Vic! A fellow never had such a chum. I can't think what men did in the days before women were—well, on their own, you know, so that one could be pals with them."

She laughed. "Nor do I; I'm glad we didn't live then, that's all. Bring her on Sunday, Jim."

"Right! Thanks. She's—she's not clever, you know," he half apologised.

"Then she won't guess what shocking bad plays you write," she assured him. "And I won't tell her. You'd better go now, Jim. Miss Crane will be here in a minute, and she'll—she'll simmer at you."

He gave a howl of alarm, and she shut the door laughingly on him. Then she went to the dressing-table and sat down. She

began

mechan-

ically to un-

pin the

shiny,

copper-

gold hair

that was

her most

amazing

beauty.

Suddenly

a quiver

crossed

her face.

"Spun

—prim-

roses,"

she said,

half-aloud.

Her lips

smiled at

the un-

smiling

reflection

of her

eyes.

"And

even then

he didn't

guess!"

The

scribbled

cast of

"Yvonne"

still lay

beside the

plan of the

Dramat-

ist's Lamp

Room. She

picked it

up. "Yes,"

she said;

"I—think

I ought—

to do."

THE END.



THE UNEMPLOYED GENTLEMAN: When I gazes at you a second time, mate, seems ter me Brass bottles is more in your line.

DRAWN BY HARRY LOW.

# THE PERFECT MAN

## Evening Dress.

Considerable change has taken place recently in the style of the garments worn for evening dress, and the man who wishes to be up to date will find it necessary to revise his wardrobe. Unfortunately, the attempts to introduce coloured cloths for evening wear have so far failed; even the dark-blue material that found some considerable favour a year or so ago has well-nigh disappeared, despite the well-known fact that it was received with considerable favour in Court circles. The velvet collar, which was put on many dress-coats about the same time, has also enjoyed only a very limited popularity, and is seldom seen now, the opinion concerning it being that it indicated an excess of ornamentation which was not in keeping with the refined taste of the English gentleman.

## The Dress-Coat.

The latest form of evening dress-coat is made with pointed revers, and the front turning to a little above the waist, or some two or three inches higher than was the case last year. The outer edge of these lapels is now made straight, and they are faced with silk to the edge, and the silk is continued to the bottom of the fronts. Below the turning point of the lapel the fronts are much more cut away than formerly. The lapel seam is also got rid of, but there is a seam generally placed under the buttons, which helps to provide room for the breast and gives the coat good form. The fronts are made longer than formerly, so as to preserve harmony between the bottom of the front of the coat and the bottom of the waistcoat, though it is now considered quite the correct thing for the bottom of the waistcoat to show a little below the bottom of the front of the coat. The skirt of the dress-coat is cut long and well rounded away; it is invariably lined with silk, and has pockets placed inside the pleats, though there are still a few West-End tailors who make the entrance to the pocket in the pleats themselves—a plan which is generally known as “out-pleat” pockets.

**The Dress-Jacket.** For less formal occasions the dress-lounge still finds a good deal of favour, and when the wearer is seated its appearance does not differ widely from the dress-coat; consequently many wear it for dinner-parties, theatre visits, and similar occasions. It has its advantages; but when the wearer is standing or walking it is far behind the dress-coat in dignity and style,

and will consequently continue to take a decidedly second place as a dress-garment. The finish of the revers of these garments is as nearly in keeping with those of the dress-coat as possible, but the pockets are almost without exception put in on the hips, the most fashionable finish being the welt such as is used for waistcoats.

## Fobs.

The reintroduction of the fob-chain or band is quite a feature of this season. The ordinary watch-chain has often been a difficulty with the dress-waistcoat, and this revival offers a good solution to the problem. A fob is a little pocket for a watch, and it was generally placed in the trousers between the brace-buttons on the hips, so that the chain which hung from it came into view from beneath the bottom of the waistcoat; but the present fashion is to let it take the place of the ordinary watch-chain, and to hang down from the left side, though the old style was usually placed on the right side. It is often made up of “watered” silk ribbon, and not infrequently finished with a seal or other ornament.

## Dress-Breeches.

It cannot be said that breeches have yet made much headway as a dress-garment, despite the fact that they figure in most of the dress-suits worn at Court, and were the admired of all beholders when Mr. Seymour Hicks appeared in them in “The Catch of the Season,” and Count Carterville also made an effort to popularise them, by wearing them in the audience at various theatres. The latest style of trousers is rather wide in the legs, and has the side seam trimmed with two rows of braid three-eighths of an inch wide, and placed about a quarter of an inch apart. The pockets are placed at the side, and are made to fasten with a button and hole in the pocket-facing, thus preventing any gaping.

**Shirts and Collars.** The soft-fronted shirt for dress wear has had a very short run of popularity, and is now seldom seen; it has, however, brought in a style of striped front which is rather smart. The plain front with one, or possibly two, studs is the present fashion, and with it either a stand or wing collar. For more formal occasions, the plain stand-collar, of ample depth, with a white dress-bow, is considered the thing, whilst the wing-collar and the black bow answer for less formal occasions. The knitted silk scarf is taking the place of the front-protector and muffer, and the socks worn are either plain black or embroidered black. W. D. F. V.



Photo. Hope.

## THE COSTUME OF THE CANNIBAL: A NATIVE FROM MURI, ON THE UPPER BENUE.

The tribe to which this man belongs is one of several in the province of Muri, on the Upper Benue, against which operations were recently undertaken by the British. They are cannibals of the lowest type, and worship the worst form of fetish.



A BILLIARD SEAT FOR TALL MEN: W. A. LOVEJOY MAKING A BREAK WHILE SITTING ON HIS FAMOUS STOOL.

There is a rule in billiards that both feet must be on the ground when striking the ball, and Lovejoy, the famous billiard professional, who is a very tall man, finds that a sitting posture gives him a steadiness which the ordinary position fails to do. He has therefore invented a seat which will permit him to play while sitting, and yet conform with the above rule. It has been suggested by one well-known golfer that the same device might be used with advantage in putting.—[Photograph by Topical.]





By HENRY LEACH.

**Play in the Snow.** When Kate brought in my early-morning cup of tea a few days since she conceived it to be her duty to tell me that it was snowing hard, and that the snow was more than a foot deep in the roadway outside. It turned out to be only about two inches, but that did not matter. I sent for the telegram-forms and cancelled the golfing engagement for the day. Probably at least a thousand golfers did the same thing, and they did well. Golf is a game for all weathers—all but one. You may, and if a good sportsman you ought, to play it in a hurricane; but we don't consider it such a fine thing now to

play it in the snow as they used to do not many years back. When the gutty balls were played with, you could always buy red ones in the professional's shop on any winter day, but few professionals stock them now, and I have not seen a red-painted rubber ball for a long time. It seems very hard that when there are only three hundred and sixty-five days in the year, perhaps half a dozen of them, or even more in the north, should be taken from us, so far as golf is concerned, by these snow-falls, but it must be. For one thing, modern green-keeping science has brought us to the firm conclusion that snow is a good thing for the course and the putting-greens, giving them warmth when they want it, and bringing down nitrogenous compounds from the atmosphere which nourish them exceedingly. So the green-keepers will not have the greens swept that means that you cannot putt at all.



A FAMOUS LONG DRIVER: W. H. HORNE, THE CHERTSEY PROFESSIONAL.

W. H. Horne, of Chertsey, who, with J. B. Batley, of Bushey Hall, won last year's Southern Professional Foursome Tournament, a year or two ago made the remarkable drive of 381 yards.—[Photo, Topical.]

if they can help it, and The best thing to do on the snowy days is to overhaul one's bag of clubs, practise putting on the carpet (a large tumbler laid on its side makes the most excellent and testing substitute for the hole), read up the rules, or, when that gets stale, turn up the pages of the books to see how Vardon does his cleek shots and Braid plays the run-up.

**Useful Hints.** Of course it is easy to obey advice like this in the south, where we have had so little frost and snow thus far in the winter; but farther north they appear to be having it all the time, and when that happens the men and women feel that they simply must have their game, so what had they better do? Well, they must get red balls, to start with. If they cannot buy them, they must enamel some old ones to the right colour. Then let them be advised to play only with iron clubs: and, again, it should be said to them that, as they will find it quite

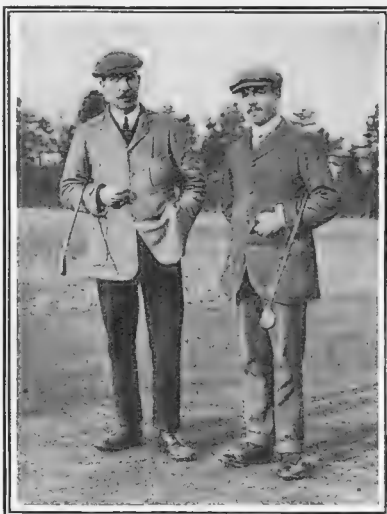
impossible to play strictly according to rule, they had better not attempt to do so, but make special rules of their own before they start. One of these should be that it is allowable for a player to scoop away the snow from behind his ball when playing through the green, thus virtually leaving the ball teed up. If the greens have been swept and the hole made approachable, then all is well; but if not, there should be an arrangement that the pitching settles it, and not the putting—that is to say, the ball that is got to within a club's length of the pin in the fewest strokes is the winner. It should be allowed also to pick up the ball after each stroke and remove from it any snow that adheres, afterwards replacing it; but players will kindly remember the old-fashioned tip that, if you oil your caddie's head (better the caddie's than your own) before starting, and rub the ball on it at each tee, the snow will not stick to it. It is a good thing to remember, when playing on a snow-covered course, that while it is dangerous to get too much under the ball, as

there is a tendency to do, it is still worse to top or half-top it. On ordinary days the topped ball will sometimes run as far, or nearly as far, as any other if there are no bunkers in the way. but it is done for in a couple of yards when there is snow.

**Frosty Days.** Then there is the case of frost, which is not quite so complicated. You may play a fairly real kind of

golf when the course is frozen hard. It is delightful in some respects—seeing yourself drive from two hundred and fifty yards upwards all the time; and most exasperating in others—with the ball dancing off at right angles after pitching and playing all kinds of antics on the putting-greens. It is a game more of luck than skill, but still it is golf of a kind, and the air is so very fine. Some special precautions must be taken, however. You may drive from the tee with your driver, but do not play with a wooden club through the green, because the jarring of the head on the hard ground does it as much harm in a morning as a whole year of ordinary play might do. It is a sure way to ruin a

wooden club. Play with a cleek instead of the brassy; the frosty days are splendid for cleek practice. When playing with your iron and mashie do not forget that you cannot "take turf," and that the ball must be hit cleanly.



THE SOUTHERN PROFESSIONAL FOURSOME TOURNAMENT AT STOKE POGES: LAST YEAR'S WINNERS: W. H. HORNE (LEFT) AND J. B. BATLEY (RIGHT).

In the first round, W. H. Horne and J. B. Batley, last year's winners, beat C. E. Forest and J. Tickle by 3 and 2. In the second round they beat G. A. Cassidy and C. S. Butchart at the twentieth hole.

Photograph by Topical.



BROTHER OF THE GREAT J. H. OF THAT ILK: JOSHUA TAYLOR.

Joshua Taylor is the brother of the great J. H. They played together and beat in the first round J. Hepburn and E. C. Roberts; in the second, W. G. Oke and R. H. Bridges.

Photograph by Topical.



ONE OF THE PRETTIEST HOLES OF THE ROUND AT STOKE POGES: THE LINKS NEAR THE SCENE OF GRAY'S "ELEGY."

The course at Stoke Poges, the scene this year of the Southern Professional Foursome Tournament, doubtless forms part of those "uplands" immortalised in Gray's "Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard." The challenge shields for the tournament are presented by Sir Thomas Dewar, whose name is suggestive of other "dews" than those "brushed away" by the youth lamented in the Elegy.—[Photograph by Topical.]

# THE WHEEL AND THE WING

## A Russian Reliability Trial.

Holy Russia is to have an automobile reliability trial quite over and above the ordinary. It will be organised by the Imperial Automobile Club, and will take place between June 22 and July 5 next. It is to be hoped that certain of the leading British cars will be entered, for in Russia, which has at present no native makers, British manufacturers meet their foreign rivals on equal terms. The route to be followed will take the contestants through some of the most interesting parts of the country, for the cars will leave St. Petersburg and travel via Pskov, Vitebsk, Gomel, Kiev, Roslavl to Moscow, returning from the ancient to the modern capital by Nijni Volotshok and Nijni Novgorod.

## A Hint to Map-Makers.

Even when mounted to fold on linen, a map is an eerie thing to display and consult on an open running car. More objectionable yet is the job if the day be wet, for the paper is soon sodden and soppy, and what was a nice, clean, refreshing map becomes a smudgy mess.



TWO OR FOUR WHEELS AT WILL: THE NEW MOTOR-CYCLE BECOMES A QUADRACYCLE, WITH ITS AUXILIARY WHEELS DOWN.

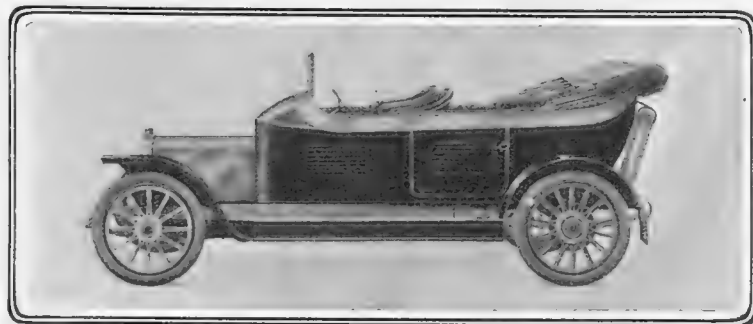
The new motor-cycle (more fully described under the other photograph), which hails from Potsdam, is here seen, with its auxiliary wheels down and going at twenty-two miles an hour.—[Photograph by Topical.]

card, and all slip into a stout case. They can be withdrawn singly and held in the hand most conveniently for consultation while en route. The roads are very clearly shown, and the map appears correct.

## "Argylls in High Dunedin."

The Argyll cars at the Edinburgh Show may be said to have their feet—or I suppose I should say their wheels—upon their native heath. With Wordsworth's maiden, they can say they are seven—in this case, all above ground. Special attention is necessarily attracted to the 15-h.p. four-cylinder chassis, which forms the special feature of the stand and attracted so much attention at Olympia. The Edinburgh Show is richer than Olympia by two cars—namely, the new 10-h.p. two-cylinder Argyll, with four-seated side-entrance body, Cape-cart hood, double-folding wind-screen, lamps, and horn, at £275; and the 12-14-h.p. four-cylinder Argyll, with two-seated

body, leather Victoria hood, high-side doors, folding wind-screen, electric lamps, horn, and speedometer at £285. Both these cars are wonderful value, and are fitted with Dunlop tyres.



A CURIOUS-SHAPED BODY FOR COLONIAL USE: THE 15-H.P. FOUR-CYLINDER "ARGYLL" COLONIAL CAR.

The special car which Messrs. Argyll, Limited, of Alexandria, by Glasgow, are constructing for their Colonial clients, has all the latest improvements, and will be sold at a moderate price. Its four-seated body is of the torpedo type.

## Flying for the Novice.

We yet await the perfect Handbook to Aviation; or, the Flyer's Guide. In the meantime, the keen novice who is repelled by the acres of formulæ which seem to be the natural accompaniment of aviatory expression, but desires to learn all he can learn of the newest sport and latest art, can acquire merit, or knowledge, by a perusal of a little work entitled "Flying," which is purchasable at all the book-stalls. After perusal, the intending aviator will not only find himself acquainted with the aspect and design of the various types of aeroplanes, but will find himself talking quite glibly of ailerons, nacelles, fuselage, stabilisers, elevators, dampers, fins, etc., and, indeed, all the technical jargon which has already clustered round this new sport. Even should the novice feel somewhat bewildered as he closes the book, he need not despair, for the author himself says, "Unfortunately, the average man in the street knows nothing about the why and wherefore of flying, and the greatest experts know very little more. So he may take heart of grace, and start flying as soon as he may get delivery of his plane."

## Wonderful Flights at Los Angeles.

In addition to Paulhan's lofty flight of 4146 feet at Los Angeles, on Jan. 13, the American crack, Curtis—who gained such golden opinions in France—on the previous day flew no-less than fifty-five miles, carrying a pretty hefty passenger. This distance he completed within the hour, so that the locomotive must now,

or will soon, cry best to yet another means of mechanical locomotion. In the above-named feat I am pleased to record the fact that Curtis wiped out Wilbur Wright's previous best for passenger-carrying. The policy which the Brothers Wright, or their backers, are attempting to assume in the States must alienate a great deal of sympathy. The feats of Paulhan and Curtis contributed largely to the success of the Los Angeles meeting. But the full deeds at this meeting have only just become known. On Jan. 15 Paulhan flew forty miles across country, and later took up two passengers, one of them being his wife. On Jan. 18 he totalled forty-seven miles across country in 1 hour 3 min., and in the course of that flight reached an altitude of 2130 feet. The next day he flew again twenty-two miles across country with Mme. Paulhan—a record for an accompanied cross-country flight.

[Continued on a later page.]



AS A BICYCLE AGAIN—WITH AUXILIARY WHEELS RAISED: THE POTSDAM MOTOR-CYCLE DOING THIRTY-EIGHT MILES AN HOUR.

This new form of motor-cycle has recently been on view on the Mollmannschen track at Potsdam. On each side it has an auxiliary tyred wheel, which can be raised or lowered, in order to add to the stability of the machine when going slowly or at rest, and to prevent side-slips. It can be made to accommodate two passengers. It is here seen going at the speed of thirty-eight miles an hour.—[Photograph by Topical.]



# CRACKS OF THE WHIP

By CAPTAIN COE.

## King's Horses.

It is good news to hear that his Majesty's Derby winner, Minoru, is going on well. He has grown into a magnificent specimen of the thoroughbred, and when he goes back to his owner, Colonel Hall Walker, at the end of his four-year-old racing career there will be few better-looking horses in the land. Richard Marsh, his trainer, is, it appears, not at all satisfied that circumstances allowed Minoru to show his true form in the St. Leger. He thinks that but for the contretemps in which he and Carrousel were involved he would have been first or second. Whether that would have been the case is, of course, mere speculation. What is more to the point is that the two will, health and circumstances permitting, have a chance to renew antagonism at Epsom in the Coronation Cup. Minoru has twice won over the Epsom course, and Bayardo failed so signally in the Derby—there were, of course, good reasons for the failure—that many people will doubtless pin their faith to the King's colt and expect him to confirm the Derby form. But should he steer clear of the mishaps that befell him last year, I do not doubt that Bayardo would again show that he is what his running subsequent to Epsom last year proved—namely, the best horse in training. Minoru is never likely to beat Bayardo when Mr. Fairie's colt is well, and Minoru



FIRST IN THE ELECTORAL STAKES AT NEWMARKET: MR. G. H. VERRALL, M.P., WHO HAS GAINED THE SEAT FOR THE UNIONISTS.

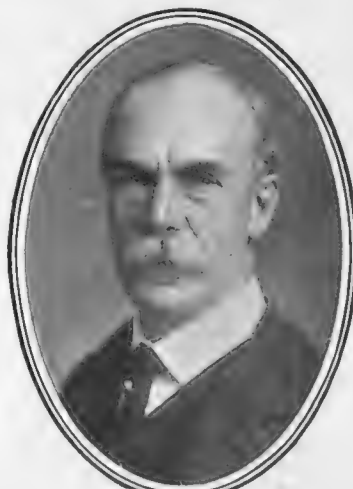
After a close finish—120 votes out of a total polling of 9000 odd—Mr. George Henry Verrall romped in a winner for the Newmarket Division of Cambridgeshire. He is a member of the well-known racing firm of Pratt and Co., and dwells near the scene of his triumph, at Sussex Lodge. He is very popular in the division, and takes a keen interest in racing and horse-breeding, as well as an active part in county and local affairs.

Photograph by Illustrations Bureau

is scarcely likely to get such an amount of luck as he had in the Derby. Another that did well in the race last year can have a cut in for the Coronation Cup. I refer, of course, to Louviers, who was only beaten by a head. With regard to this year's classics, one hears that the King has a big, well-proportioned horse in Orellius, who could not be trained last year owing to being overgrown. He has now filled out his frame a lot, and if looks go for anything, should make a smart race-horse. He is entered in the three classics. Of the King's two-year-olds I heard good accounts a few weeks back of Dorando, a colt by Cyllene—Nadejda. Another well spoken of is Persepolis, own sister to Zinkundel.

## National Hunt Meeting.

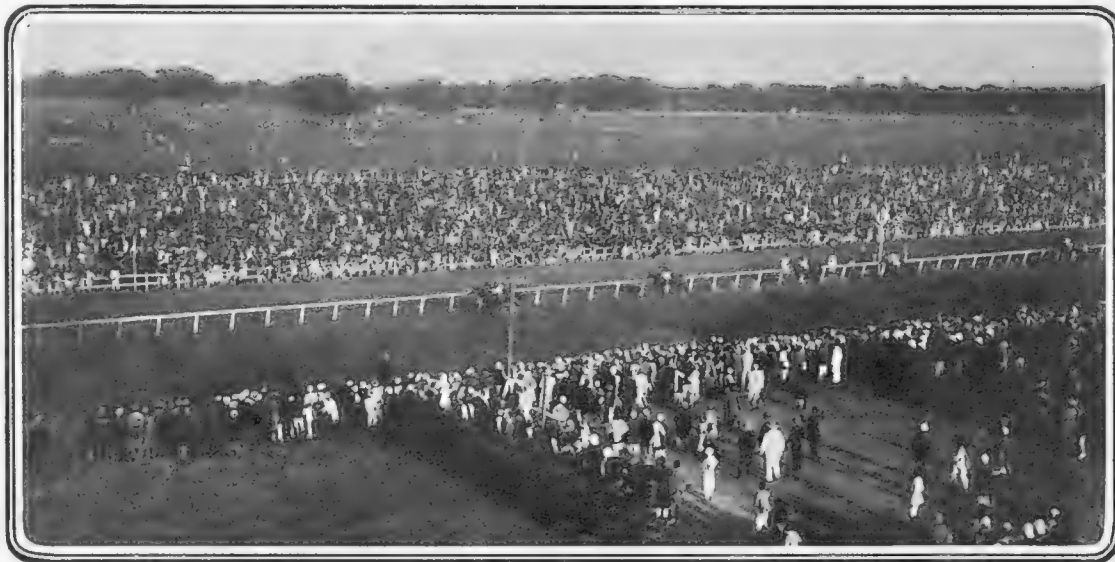
The National Hunt Meeting, frequently referred to as the "movable feast" of the National Hunt Committee, has not deserved that description during the last few years, for the gentlemen who control the winter sport seem to have made their home at Warwick—at any rate, they have annually pitched their camp there for the last four or five years. And they could scarcely make a better choice. It is handy for the hunting people who like to put in an appearance (and there are a large number of them); and the "country" is something like a country, and puts to the severest test the qualities of the hunter stamp of horses that contest the thousand pounds' National Hunt Steeplechase. Occasionally one sees an animal of better class in this race; but, generally speaking, they are not of much account. Why Not certainly followed up his success in this race by running second to Frigate in the Grand National, and winning that race a year or two later; but he is the one brilliant exception. On the other hand, one finds such moderate animals as Lady Clifton II. among the winners. Her victory was the reward of patience, for she had run well several times in the race previously to winning it. But she could not win elsewhere. The sensations that followed last year's win of Wychwood are not likely to be repeated, and it is possible Major Purvis will go one better than in 1909, and win on his horse Our Philip. Another entered that ran well last year is Crecora, belonging to Captain Paynter; so this rich young soldier may add this race to his Grand Military Gold Cup laurels. Lady Warwick has nominated a couple of horses, and Mrs. Hollins names one. The conditions of the National Hunt Juvenile Steeplechase are different from those of past years. The race used to be for four-year-old maidens at starting, but now it is for maidens at Jan. 18, with penalties of 4 lb. for the winner of one steeplechase, and 7 lb. for the winner of two steeplechases, or of one value 100 sovs. The lady subscribers to this race are Lady Walker and Lady Warwick.



SECOND IN THE ELECTORAL STAKES AT NEWMARKET: SIR C. D. ROSE, BT., WHO SAT AS LIBERAL MEMBER IN THE LATE PARLIAMENT.

Sir Charles Rose, who, like his political opponent at Newmarket, is keenly interested in racing and all that appertains to horseflesh, failed to keep his pride of place in the electoral stakes at Newmarket. He had sat as a Liberal for that town since 1903, having at the last General Election a majority of 783. Like good sportsmen, the two candidates shook hands after the declaration of the poll.

Photograph by Elliott and Fry.



INDIA'S GREAT RACE COURSE: THE FINISH OF THE VICEROY'S CUP AT CALCUTTA—RETORT—FIZZ—MASTER DELAVAL.

In the Calcutta Races, which took place on December 27, there was a very close finish for the Viceroy's Cup. Retort won from Fizz by a head, Master Delaval coming in third some way behind.—[Photograph by A. F. Parker.]

Captain Coc's "Monday Tips" will be found on our "City Notes" page.

# WOMAN'S WAYS

BY ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

## Man's Only Tyrant.

In one of Mr. Granville Barker's most notable plays, he makes the very pertinent remark that the "slavery" of Woman results in the paradox that she is man's only tyrant. It is true that it is the misogynist politician, Henry Trebell, who utters this portentous truism; but there are many well-wishers of the feminine sex who see in their subjection a fruitful field for the manufacture of domestic despots. Even thus do the favourite slaves of an Eastern harem rise to all-powerful positions in Asiatic Courts. The very narrowness of their outlook makes their influence the more intense, and so is it with the wives and daughters of the average Briton. When it was humorously suggested that a man, when he married, domesticated the Recording Angel, it was forgotten to add that this shining official is sometimes doubled by a schemer in satin and a "vixen in velvet." For countless as the sands of the sea are the means by which the woman of the upper and middle classes can intimidate her so-called lord and master. In most households he regards her with fear and awe, for is she not the domestic deity who must be propitiated at all costs, before whom the lamp must ever be kept alight, and at whose feet votive-offerings have to be laid with rigorous punctuality?

## Petticoated Politicians.

The piquancy of the political situation ensures for London, at any rate, a lively and animated season. No member will dare to absent himself from the House for a single sitting, while the Lords, needless to say, will have to be on the spot in every sense of the word. After the stupendous efforts of the General Election there are no beds of rose-leaves on which Ministers can lay them down for repose; on the contrary, they must even now be buckling on their armour for the fight. Only the women-folk of the two Houses will be able to snatch a brief holiday after their heroic achievements on both sides. This, perhaps, is only fair, for women nowadays have not only the hard practical work of an election, but are responsible for the more delicate tasks of organising the social side of their party, of keeping people pleased, of maintaining enthusiasm, of planning momentous dinner-parties, of giving vast entertainments from which no possible adherent or helper is excluded. The social side of politics has great strategic value, so that the ladies represent, so to speak, the General Staff of an army, or let us say, the Intelligence Department. An imminent flight towards Caunes or Egypt of petticoated politicians is to be expected,

and may certainly be condoned, even at so momentous a crisis as the one we are so feverishly enjoying.

**The Women who Voted.** That several women—registered by some ambiguous name, such as "Francis" or "Montie"—did actually record their votes at this election

shows that there is no illegality in their exercising a right which is being fiercely contested by old ladies of both sexes. Nor is it suggested that these exercisers of the franchise lost one jot of their "femininity" by walking into a perfectly orderly polling-station and putting a cross against the name of a candidate, and slipping the paper into a box. As a matter of fact, a polling-station is one of the few safe and peaceable places in which to find yourself during the turmoil of a General Election, and it is mere hypocrisy to pretend that a woman soils the hem of her white robe by recording her vote. In most of the dangerous and unpleasant places the presence of the candidate's womenfolk is urgently demanded, and in this election particularly they have everywhere shown a heroic determination to face hooting mobs and to disregard the hostility of their opponents—a hostility which sometimes took the form of personal violence. If they wish to be logical, the opponents of Women's Suffrage must cease to call in the aid of their wives and daughters when they seek the favour of the toiling millions.

**Friends by Intimidation.** Elections were worse even than now in the eighteenth century, for then it was impossible at any time to be amicable with political opponents, and a Parliamentary candidate literally had his friends forced upon him. In one of Mrs. Thrale's letters there is an amusing and somewhat cynical reference to this amazing state of affairs. "This man," she writes of one of their hosts during a tour of the West, "has money to purchase all the conveniences and even luxuries of life: Pictures, Musick, Books, and Friends; yet he has to chuse his companions according to the caprices and prejudices of a

few who can command votes on the day of a general election." In short, the unfortunate aspiring politician was intimidated into making friends who were probably uncongenial, and may have been absolutely distasteful to him before the ingenious invention of the ballot-box. In a small country borough one can well imagine that this kind of political tyranny would be most irksome, and must have added considerable terror to that dull provincial life of the eighteenth century which was dreaded by enlightened folk.



A MAGPIE EVENING GOWN: A FROCK OF WHITE CHIFFON TRIMMED WITH JET EMBROIDERY AND BLACK TULLE.

(For Notes on Fashions of the Moment, see the "Woman-About-Town" page.)



## THE WOMAN-ABOUT-TOWN

### The Coming Modes.

The sales are over, and no one greatly regrets them. Instead of being haunted, as we wend our way through the streets, by what has been, we may now look at prophecies of what is to come. This is much more cheery. Naturally, we shall see a great deal that never will come, and that we never want to come. The present is more or less a period of experiment. There will, without doubt, be a considerable shortening of the tails of our coats. The adage of cutting them according to our cloth does not, however, apply, for they will be no less expensive. Hats will be profusely trimmed, and will be much the same in point of size. Any dimensions save very small will be admissible. Many of the best Parisian milliners are making them larger than ever. London, although a follower of French fashion to a certain extent, is by no means slavishly so. We rather accept smart suggestions from our clever modiste cousins across the Channel than obey their orders. A French woman and an English woman, each dressed in the very height of fashion, look so different from each other that a mere tyro in the art of observation will know which is which. Time was when a laughing "I should think so!" would have greeted the remark. Now our ladies can wear smart clothes and look as much at home in them as ever a fair Parisienne.

### Harrogate at Home.

The pity people waste on themselves when they have to do a cure at Harrogate Baths or Buxton is only slightly mitigated when the cure is to be done abroad. It can be managed quite at home, and with all home comforts. Pintinol is a mixture which provides a sulphur-bath in the home bathroom. It is composed of alcohol, pine-oil, sulphur, and glycerine, and is to be put in the bath a few minutes after the patient has entered it, when the pores of the skin have been opened. It is sold by all chemists at two shillings a bottle. Of course, the Harrogate treatment as to exercise and diet will aid the action of Pintinol, which is always beneficial.

### Some Liberal Ladies.

London will very soon be filling up for what promises to be an exciting Parliamentary Session. Possibly the principal hostesses on the Liberal side will be the Countess of Crewe and the Countess of Carrington, Lady Allendale, and the Hon. Mrs. Ivor Guest. Lord and Lady Crewe have had Crewe House redecorated and altered very much for the better. A large reception-room has been built out at the back, and Lady Crewe can now give quite large political parties. The Earl and Countess of Granard have secured the mansion in Halkin Street which belonged to the late Lord Penrhyn. It is being practically remodelled. It will contain some fine reception-rooms, and it is called Forbes House, that being the family name. Lady Granard is at present in mourning for her grandfather, from whom her father has inherited some seven or eight millions sterling. Her parents are expected very shortly on a visit to her, an interesting family event being expected. Countess Beauchamp, whom everyone likes, has a fine house in Belgrave Square, and has already entertained charmingly for her husband's party. She is in the position of belonging to a Unionist family. The Earl and Countess of Chesterfield have secured Cambridge House, Regent's Park, which was Sir Walter Gilbey's town house. It is spacious and admirably suited for entertaining. Countess Carrington, who also has many Conservative family ties, has a fine house in Prince's Gate. Lady Allendale, who is the Marquess of Londonderry's only sister, has won her laurels as a Liberal hostess in the fine family mansion in Piccadilly. This season she will, it is believed, present her eldest daughter, which will be a reason for entertaining other than political. The Hon. Mrs. Ivor Guest is a young and most delightful hostess. A daughter of Lord and Lady Ebury, she is the wife of Lord and Lady Wimborne's eldest son; she entertained

last season at Wimborne House in Lady Wimborne's place, and will probably do so this. The party for the Liberals is, I hear, to be held at Wimborne House on the evening of Feb. 14. It is one of the finest mansions in London for entertaining, as there is a magnificent suite of reception-rooms on the ground floor. These have been redecorated recently. Lord Wimborne is not strong enough for entertaining. Probably Lady Wimborne will come to town to hold the reception.

### A Magpie Evening Gown.

White and black will be quite a smart combination for the coming season. On "Woman's Ways" page a drawing will be found of a frock of white chiffon, trimmed with jet embroidery and black tulle. Skating costumes for the real outdoor exercise were looked out hurriedly last week. I saw a charming one in golden-brown velvet, with a border of mink round the short skirt, and round the Russian blouse and down the side on which it fastened. The toque, all of mink, had a long brown quill drawn through a rosette of gold braid at one side, and a big mink muff was slung on.



A NEW PENDANT OF DIAMONDS AND SAPPHIRES. This pendant, which is made by the Parisian Diamond Co., of 85, New Bond Street; 143, Regent Street; and 37, 38, and 43, Burlington Arcade, can also be had in diamonds and emeralds, or diamonds and rubies.

### The Salting Millions.

Lady Binning may inherit her uncle's million as well as her father's. She is the niece of George Salting, who willed his collections to the nation, and the bulk of his money to his brother. But his brother predeceased him, and Lady Binning is in the natural line of inheritance. Her husband, Lord Binning, is the heir of the Earl of Haddington, with whom he and his wife have been staying at Tynninghame House for the last few weeks. Of Lady Binning's late uncle many stories are told that illustrate at once the splendid recklessness of his expenditure where his art-collections were concerned, and his closeness in personal expenditure. During one historic sale, which was to last over a fortnight, at the Hôtel Drouot, in Paris, Uncle George had been spending money to the tune of over a thousand a day. But on the seventh day an astonished friend met him on his way from Charing Cross. "What, you here, and that sale still on!" he exclaimed. "Yes; the truth is," answered Salting—"the truth is, my dear fellow, that my return-ticket expired to-day."

That the foot-propelled cycle is still a very popular means of locomotion, even in these days of all-pervading petrol, is manifest from the prosperity of such a firm as that of Messrs. Rudge-Whitworth, at Coventry, whose works there have a floor-area of seven acres. Their new catalogue is full of interest to cyclists, and of attraction to intending purchasers. The illustrated charts of interchangeable parts are especially useful. This season Messrs. Rudge-Whitworth have reintroduced the standard models, and, to meet the demand for an extra-strong machine, they are placing on the market the Standard Imperial Roadster. The Rudge-Whitworth easy-payment system will be convenient for those whose purses are not over-weighted.

Colonial visitors and others will be glad to learn that Usher's whisky is now obtainable at the Cecil, the Savoy, the Russell, Claridge's, and other leading hotels and restaurants. Usher's is a safe whisky of very reliable quality, and is easily digested. On account of its light character, purity, and age it agrees with all, and all agree that it is a very agreeable whisky.

Always up to date, the Premier Cycle Company, Ltd., at their London Depot, 20, Holborn Viaduct, exhibited during the elections, under the heading "Premiers Going Strong," a card showing the Premier and the ex-Premier on ladders. As the results became known the position of the leaders was altered on the ladders. Needless to say, the Premier window was a great attraction to passers-by.

Magpie contrasts of black and white are the present fashion in furs, and women who wish to be in the fashion would do well to visit Peter Robinson's Fur Exhibition at the Oxford Street branch of that famous firm. There they will see the latest styles for early spring wear, both in furs and feathers.



INVENTOR OF A NEW METHOD OF READING MUSIC AT SIGHT: MR. WALTER H. THELWALL, M.I.C.E.

Mr. Thelwall (of 157, New Bond Street) claims for his new system of sight-reading in music that it makes the relation between musical symbols and the keyboard of a piano much more simple. He cites favourable opinions from such famous musicians as Sir Frederick Bridge, Mr. Landon Ronald, and Dr. John Borland, Musical Adviser to the L.C.C. Education Department.—[Photograph by Speaight.]

## CITY NOTES.

"SKETCH" CITY OFFICES, 5, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.

*The Next Settlement begins on Feb. 8.*

THE elections have not gone as well as the Stock Exchange anticipated, and although it is felt that Mr. Lloyd-George's claws have been somewhat cut, everybody sees that we are not likely to have—what the Stock Exchange desired—a long period of political rest, which, with improved trade and a cessation of all harassing legislation, would have put new life into Home Rails and other British industrial securities. As it is, we anticipate that the set of the fashion in favour of investments abroad and bearer bonds will continue, and one can hardly expect Consols and such like gilt-edged stocks to show any marked improvement, especially as a big Navy loan and more Irish borrowing are understood to be on the tapis.

Our correspondent "Q" has not sent us a note this week, but writes, under date Jan. 27—

Borneo Companies have had little share as yet in the boom in Rubber shares, but their merits should not be overlooked. The only Company which will be a considerable producer this year is the *Sekong Rubber Company*, which has good prospects. The shares of the *North Borneo Trading Company* may also appreciate further, as they have a large holding in "Sekong," and are developing other Rubber plantations in their big estate of 100,000 acres, notably the Bode Estate, on which 500 acres was expected to be planted by the end of 1909.

## THE QUIETUDE OF KAFFIRS.

Kaffirs are out of fashion. So, too, for that matter, are West Africans, the Jungle light being obscured by the furious dealing in the Rubber Market next door. The jobbers in Kaffirs are doing very little. They get an occasional stray order in De Beers, Goldfields, Modders, Globes, or Tanganyikas, but general business has marched to a full stop. The reason? Mostly fashion. There is nothing much to go for in the Kaffir Circus at the moment—nothing much, that is, which is being put into the window to attract the eye of the passing speculator as he hastens to his beloved Rubber shares. The languid interest aroused by the new issue of the Modderfontein Company has done nothing to galvanise the general market into activity, and we have just to wait for developments. They will come along again, of course, all in good time, and perhaps their tarrying would be shorter were prices to take a dip to lower levels first, to give them an appearance of greater attraction.

## IN DEFENCE OF SPECULATION.

There are many people who have no hesitation in drawing a sharp line of division between speculation and gambling, holding that, while for the latter there is little defence to be logically made, yet for healthy speculation there is every reasonable excuse. So far as the Stock Exchange markets are concerned, it is sufficient for our present purpose to treat gambling as buying or selling securities which the operator has neither the money to take up nor the stock to deliver. Speculation, on the other hand, and for our present purpose, shall be held to concern itself with the purchase only of such stock or shares as the buyer can pay for if it were necessary, or the sale of such things as he can deliver were he called upon to do so. And speculation in this sense there can be little objection to; indeed, it is contended by many that a man who has means of keeping in fairly close touch with markets ought to embark surplus capital in enterprises that are likely to pay better through movements in prices than by dividend declarations.

## ECHOES FROM THE HOUSE.

## The Stock Exchange.

Putting politics apart, it would be rather amusing to have a seat in the new Parliament, because all the indications point to a session that is going to be distinctly entertaining. Most members of the Stock Exchange have settled, with clear conviction, what is now about to happen. Ask almost any member how the Irish will vote, whether the Labour party will act in concert with the Liberals, when the next General Election will take place, or any similar question, and you will get a confident reply. I just mention this in order to help anyone who may be in want of definite information, and does not know where to get it.

After the battle, we count our gains and our losses. And there is, after all, singularly little in it. One of the weekly illustrated papers prophesied, I remember, that the majority either way would be so small as to affect the markets but little. Eliminate the Irish vote, and the Liberal majority is a small one. Glance over the price-lists, and it will be seen that the movements in home securities are such as would probably have occurred had there been no General Election just recently. There was, of course, that Saturday, the first polling-day, when prices were run up in anticipation of Protection "sweeping the constituencies." Consols rose to 83½, and a familiar Unionist ha'porth described the rise of ½ as being something "almost sensational." When Consols fell ½ on the Monday I observed that the movement was chronicled without picturesque comment. The subsequent falling-off in Consols must have come anyway, because it is pikestaff plain that the country will have to raise more money for the Navy, and most probably by means of a Loan which must compete with the Funds. Besides, there are the French floods, the rumours of fresh Colonial loans, the continued indifference of the public to securities paying low rates of interest, and a dozen minor reasons in addition why Consols should go down. Of course, *The Sketch*, for a long time past, has foretold the fall of Consols to 80, and the calculation, one fears, has a very good chance of proving correct during the current year.

Let's talk of something pleasant.

Brighton Deferred at 86, cum 4 per cent. dividend payable on Feb. 16, is equal to 82 ex, at which the yield is all but 5 per cent. on the money. The Company's newly electrified service is catching on; the coming summer certainly cannot be worse than the last; there is to be a Shepherd's Bush Exhibition, which can hardly fail to attract the world and his wife. With a quite moderate stretch of imagination, Berthas can be seen, this time next year, paying 4½ per cent. Now, how does Brighton "A" strike you as an eminently reasonable stock for a quiet investment, with prospects? You can buy Central London Ordinary at 65, cum 1½ per cent. dividend,

making 3 per cent. for the year, and giving a return also a trifle under 5 per cent. on the money. The Exhibition this year is likely to restore the stock to a 4 per cent. basis, and if it does, you have a 6½ per cent. investment proposition from an English Railway Ordinary stock. Does that appeal to you at all?

Conceivably, you may have a distrust of Home Railway stocks, fearing more and more motor competition, labour difficulties, stamps and fees and the like. Then put some money into Uruguay Fives, Peruvian Corporation Sixes, Argentine Navigation 5 per cent. Debentures. All are likely to show improvements, and pay their interest steadily. They tell me in the market that Peru Preferences are the things to buy. There is some kind of scheme afoot for reorganisation of the capital, and I am assured that both the Ordinary and the Preference will go better. The tip comes from a good quarter, but, of course, it is not likely that foreigners will do their holders much good until the lamentable affair in France begins to fade from financial memories.

They say that England is too overcrowded for a man to make money in it. (Personally, I should say that overcrowding was one of the things most to be desired by those who set out on the race for wealth.) Well, I know a man, a German Jew, who runs a factory in a low part of our city. There are several hundreds of men in the place, sweated to the lowest penny—clerks, carriers, all grades alike. The raw material is sold to what are called "garret-masters"—men who live in tiny East-End dens, and who, as a condition of being employed by the gentleman I am mentioning, have to sign a contract agreeing to buy the material from him. Some of the garret-masters can't write—they have never learnt how to, in their Polish or German homes of childhood. The employer sells his raw material to these employees at 25 per cent. higher than they can buy it elsewhere, because of his contract with them. The goods are made in the hovels of the garret-masters—many of them Polish or German Jews, mark you—and stamped "English-made," because the German Jew of a master gets better prices in the export trade if the articles are so stamped. A debtor and creditor account is kept between master and man, purchase of material going against numbers of things made; and at the end of each week the sweated creatures are handed their money, *less 5 per cent. for cash!* And this after their paying 25 per cent. more for the raw stuff than the market price! Pretty, isn't it? The gentleman himself has been paid high municipal honours, and writes letters after his name. Being a Jew, he can do no correspondence himself on a Saturday, so the shorthand clerks get an extra dose, because he dictates more than usual, and gets somebody else to sign the letters. He is, I suppose, a type of a large class, and probably sends his coupons to be collected abroad in order to rob our national Exchequer by evading payment of income-tax, while he shouts loudly for the supreme Navy, at the expense of anybody else, which shall protect his business, his property, and his dirty hide, the best use for which would be, it seems to me, just boots.

Pardon, I pray you, this little digression. All I wanted to do was to show you that it is still possible to make money in this effete old country. Even for a poor alien.

They all say that we are going to have a nasty smash-up in the Rubber Market before long. And it does seem like flying in the face of all that is reasonable to suppose the Rubber boom can keep on indefinitely. The danger at the present time lies more in the Stock Exchange position than in the prospect for the product itself. A huge, and probably unwieldy, bull account exists in a number of the popular shares, and this cannot fail to act as a heavy drag as soon as prices take a turn and start going down. Myself, did I gamble in Rubber shares, I would stick to the lower-priced ones which have a decent backing, and give a wide berth to the "big" shares that present so large a target for a fall. And not to be afraid to take small profits would certainly be amongst the Rubber maxims of

Saturday, Jan. 29, 1910.

THE HOUSE HAUNTER.

## FINANCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Correspondents must observe the following rules—

- (1) All letters on Financial subjects only must be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C., and must reach the Office not later than Friday in each week for answer in the following issue.
- (2) Correspondents must send their name and address as a guarantee of good faith, and adopt a nom-de-guerre under which the desired answer may be published. Should no nom-de-guerre be used, the answer will appear under the initials of the inquirer.
- (3) Every effort will be made to obtain the information necessary to answer the various questions; but the proprietors of this paper will not be responsible for the accuracy or correctness of the reply, or for the financial result to correspondents who act upon any answer which may be given to their inquiries.
- (4) Every effort will be made to reply to correspondence in the issue of the paper following its receipt, but in cases where inquiries have to be made the answer will appear as soon as the necessary information is obtained.
- (5) All correspondents must understand that if gratuitous answers and advice are desired the replies can only be given through our columns. If an answer by medium of a private letter is asked for, a postal order for five shillings must be enclosed, together with a stamped and directed envelope to carry the reply.
- (6) Letters involving matters of law, such as shareholders' rights, or the possibility of recovering money invested in fraudulent or dishonest companies, should be accompanied by the fullest statement of the facts and copies of the documents necessary for forming an accurate opinion, and must contain a postal order for five shillings, to cover the charge for legal assistance in framing the answer.
- (7) No anonymous letters will receive attention, and we cannot allow the "Answers to Correspondents" to be made use of as an advertising medium. Questions involving elaborate investigations, disputed valuations, or intricate matters of account cannot be considered.
- (8) Under no circumstances can telegrams be sent to correspondents.

Unless correspondents observe these rules, their letters cannot receive attention.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

NOVICE.—We do not see much advantage in your proposed rubber share trust. The causes which would depreciate one company would operate on the whole market; and you would be little safer with your money spread over several companies than if all in one—provided that one was first class. For shares to buy see "Q's" notes of the last two months.

L. D. (Paris).—Your letter was fully answered on the 27th inst.

C. H. E.—It is impossible to say when the quotation will be granted; sometimes a Company's articles have to be altered or other things done before the quotation is given. The Company is a good one, but the capital large.

CLIO.—Both Companies named by you are good, and will appreciate if the Kaffir Market goes better.

H. P.—Leopoldina 5½ per cent. Preference shares should suit you, and will give you about £4 15 per cent. with every reasonable safety.

A. McK.—You can deal with any good broker who will go to one of the Yankee jobbers doing large option business. It is only jobbers who make this a specialty, and you cannot deal in the Stock Exchange without the interposition of a broker.

## MONDAY TIPS, BY CAPTAIN COE.

At Leicester the following may be seen in winning colours: Mapperley Steeplechase, Autocar; Stayers' Hurdle Race, Nereus; February Hurdle Race, Mago Pico; Harrington Steeplechase, Titterstone. At Sandown the following may win: Grand Prize Hurdle, Misere; February Hurdle, See Sée; Mole Steeplechase, Smithfield; Burwood Steeplechase, Vinegar Hill; Prince of Wales's Steeplechase, Simon Passe; Metropolitan Hurdle Race, Whitefriars; Cardinal's Hurdle Race, Greator.



## MOTOR NOTES.

(Continued.)

## Fifteen Miles per Hour Speed-Limits.

ment Board. This power has existed as long as that to inflict the slower limit, but in no single case has this saner limit been applied for or imposed. It is not too much to say that, having regard to the speed of tram-cars and other wheeled traffic over the vast majority of the sections which have been limited, all and any motor-cars might run with perfect safety to the public, and with greater safety than any other form of traffic, at fifteen miles per hour. Nevertheless, the most controllable vehicle on the King's highway to-day is obliged to crawl along certain lengths of road or street at a speed which excites the derision of the drivers of other vehicles who pass on without restriction. The possibility of applying for and obtaining speed-limits of fifteen miles per hour was communicated to all the secretaries of the associated clubs over a year ago by the R.A.C., yet no steps have been taken anywhere since then to establish fifteens in lieu of tens.

## Huge Growth of Motor Traffic.

The Board of Trade returns, dealing with many points of interest in the matter of London traffic, show very conclusively the immense gain accruing to the Metropolis by the growing employment of motor traffic. Not only is it shown to be

It is a remarkable thing that, if applied for, speed-limits of fifteen miles per hour upon motor-cars could be imposed by the Local Govern-

infinitely more healthy, but, by actual linear comparisons, motor traffic is shown to be a great economiser of street space. Motor traffic, although increasing every day, is actually reducing the cost of cleansing, scavenging, and watering the streets. A few simple figures culled from this report will serve to show the extraordinarily rapid growth of motor traffic in the com-

paratively short space of five years. In 1903 a count was taken of the traffic passing selected points in Westminster between the hours of 8 a.m. and 12 p.m. The figures were: 105,978 horse vehicles, and 1232 motor vehicles. In 1908, horsed vehicles fell to 69,890, while motor vehicles had attained the really astounding total of 51,758, exclusive of over 13,000 bicycles. It may be news to some that, while the length of a pair-horsed bus is 26 feet, a motor-bus measures 4 feet less over all.

**Aeroplanes of the Future.** Motoring developed more rapidly than cycling, and aviation has matured with far greater speed than automobilism, to which it is in part akin. From the ranks of old cyclists and old motorists come the majority of the intrepid band of aviators that is now astonishing the world first in one quarter and then in another. Not

only is the progress of the art remarkable, but the types of machines used by the experts vary, as did the patterns of safety-bicycles when man first elected to come down off his big wheel. No one can suppose for a moment that in the aeroplanes of to-day there is even a suggestion of finality. The improvements in construction and design which the next two or three years will assuredly bring forth may put the modern aeroplane nearer to the common bicycle of to-day than the motor-car has ever been.



TO WARN "PILOTS OF THE PURPLE TWILIGHT", THE FIRST LIGHTHOUSE FOR AIR-SHIPS, SHOWN IN OPERATION.

At Spandau, in Germany, has been built the first lighthouse for air-ships, which our photograph shows in operation. Its object evidently is to throw a broad shaft of light upwards, as a signal to those "pilots of the purple twilight" who may be "dropping down with costly bales"—or possibly still more costly bombs—from the high seas of the air.

*Photograph by Sport and General.*

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## HOW SCURF KILLS THE HAIR AND DESTROYS ITS BEAUTY.

World's Greatest Hair Specialist Warns Readers of "The Sketch" of the Many Unseen Dangers Which Threaten Their Hair, and Shows How by a Simple Method They can Banish Baldness and Greyness and Vastly Enhance the Beauty and Luxuriance of Their Tresses.

**Write to-day for Complete Outfit for Hair Drill and Presentation Package of Delightful Shampoo-Powder—both will be sent you Free of Charge.**

Get a clean piece of white paper. Place it on your dressing-table. Now brush and comb your hair in such a way that the paper receives all matters brushed from the scalp and hair.

You will be surprised.

Look at the dust. See, too, how this dust brings some of your hair with it.

Well, that is the danger.

The dust settles on the scalp, and, by blocking up the mouth of the hair shafts, causes the hair to become weak. The natural moisture of the scalp, too, causes the dust to settle into small cakes, and when the latter are dislodged by brush or comb they bring with them the weakened hairs.

Then again, this caked dust often causes what is known as "scalp irritation" or "scalp soreness," which is absolutely fatal to life of the hair.

Now, here is the way to keep your scalp and hair beautifully clean and your head cool in the hottest weather.

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A "Cremex" Shampoo-Powder will be sent free to all who write for the "Harlene" Gift Toilet Outfit, consisting of:—

1. The Packet of "Cremex" above referred to.
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3. A copy of the "Harlene Hair Drill" Manual, containing full instructions for enabling you to "drill" your hair into luxuriant perfection by a pleasant method which only occupies two or three minutes of your time daily.



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improvement in "tone." The colour comes back to hair that has grown faded and dull-looking. Hair that is limp and lifeless-looking quickly begins to show signs of renewed strength and vigour. If there are bald patches they speedily vanish. In short, there will be an all-round improvement both in the appearance and health of your hair of quite 100 per cent.

Try what "Harlene Hair Drill" will do to improve your hair in quantity, in appearance, in colour, in every respect. Fill up the accompanying form of application, and post it with three penny stamps to cover postage, when the "Harlene Hair Drill" Outfit will be immediately despatched to you.

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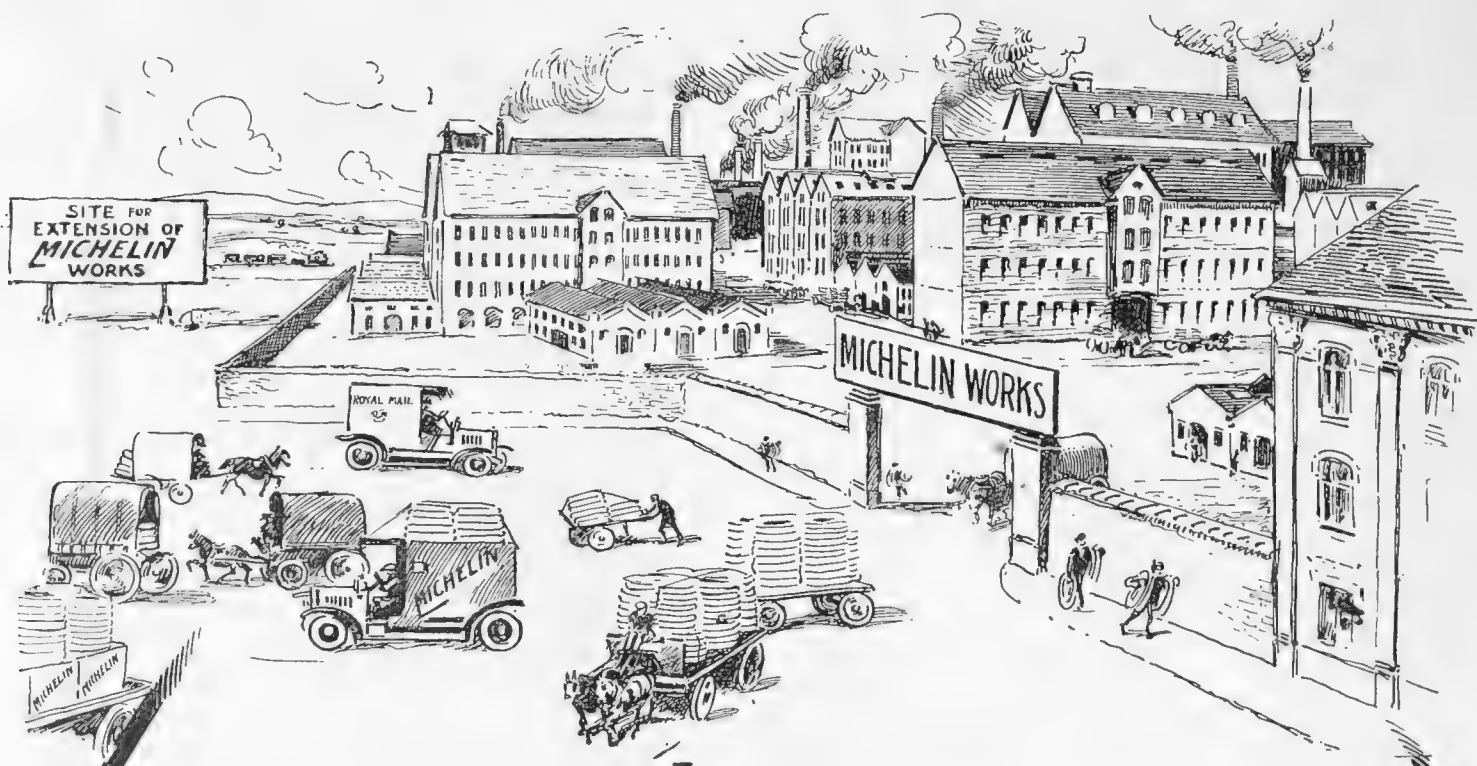
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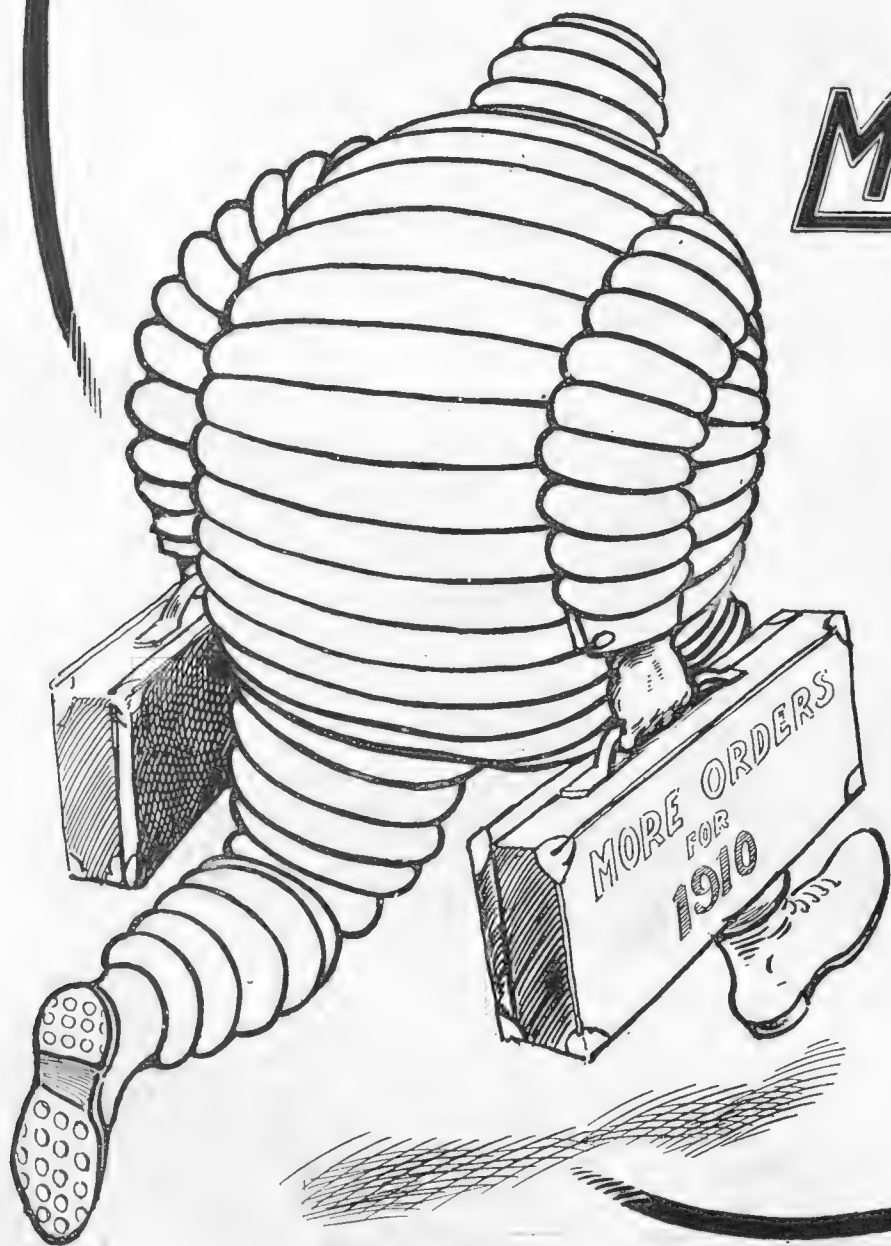
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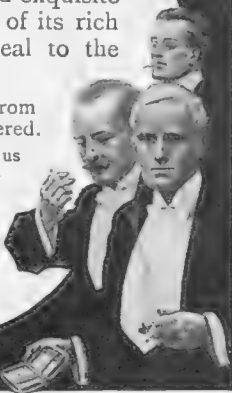
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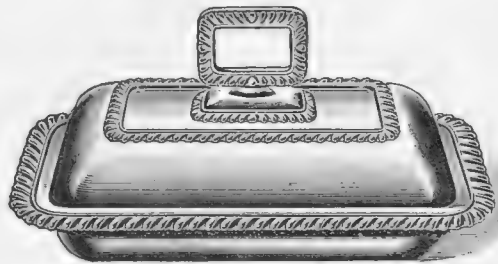


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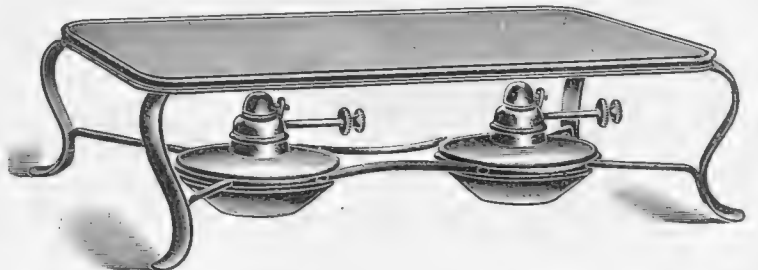
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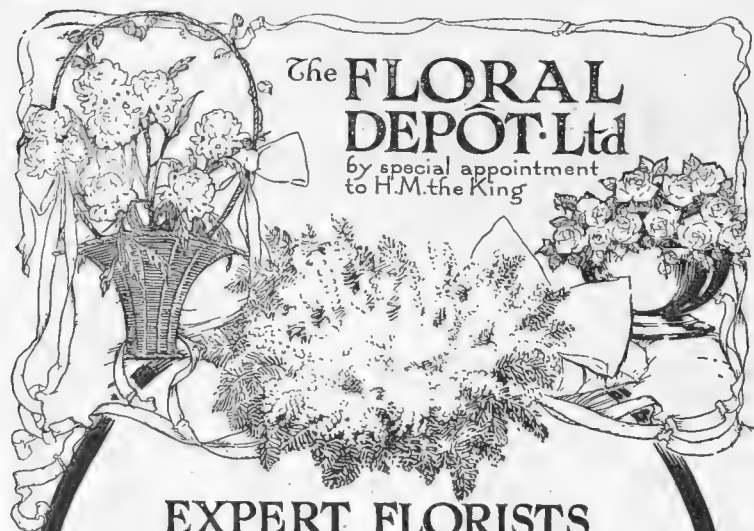
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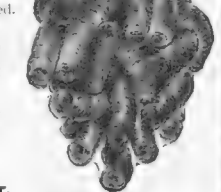
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USE GILLETTE SHAVING SOAP—a soap worthy of the Gillette Razor, Price 1/-

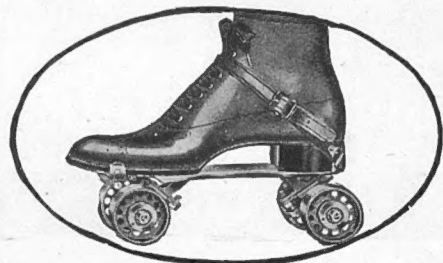
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## NOVELS.

**"The Search Party."** True wit is a fine-pointed instrument; humour, as often as not, is a bludgeon. Something, apparently, in the power of provoking laughter goes to men's heads, and sooner than let you pass them by with a straight face they will do violence upon you. This temptation accounts for the weaknesses of Mr. George A. Birmingham's "The Search Party" (Methuen). He is the author who has tickled large audiences with that delightful romance, "Spanish Gold." There was a success for you! Why not repeat it? So Mr. Birmingham sat down to repeat it, and beat out this rollicking yarn of mysterious disappearances. It is certainly a most amusing book, and still we found ourselves skipping towards the end. There was so much—too much—of the good things. It is hard for an author to be taxed with his own excellences; but we could not help contrasting the tingling charm of the hunt for the Spanish dollars in the first book with the flat persistence in funny complications that weighs down the second. The Anarchist is over-done. There are boundless possibilities in the comic Anarchist; but Mr. Birmingham, like Clive, ought to have stopped at a point when he could still stand astonished at his own moderation. Mr. Guy Theodore Red, with his atmosphere of Maskelyne and Cook, his stupendous mannerisms, his solemnity, is really rather an unfortunate example of what the bludgeon treatment may make of a promising character. Miss Blow, the Englishwoman who crossed the Channel determined to put up with no Irish nonsense, is a far better study, and her arrival when the story is well under way goes far towards repairing its errors of excess. Patsy Devlin is well done; Dr. O'Grady is satisfactory. But we are afraid that if Mr. Birmingham thinks he knows his readers well enough to be sure that they will joyfully follow all the clowning of "The Search Party," disillusion is in store for him.

**"They and I."** Mr. Jerome K. Jerome is another wielder of the bludgeon, but his is the skilled hand that knows exactly how to poise his weapon, and his the practised eye that can time its descent to a nicety. He, too, has made all England laugh and is unable to forget it, which is a very natural and proper result. People, as he himself says, would not allow him to forget it, even if he wished to do so. He returns in "They and I" (Hutchinson) to the methods that have endeared him to his public, and which may be described as extracting the last grain of humour from a hackneyed situation. The townsman's dealings with his first cow, the child who put gunpowder into the stove, the man who searched for his collar-stud, the boy who ate until he had to sit still—all these are old, old friends. Yes; but Mr. Jerome knows that people like meeting their old friends when they are nicely dressed and have pleasant ways. His cow is charming; his child is a most exhilarating person; even his man with the collar-stud has a new stud, so to speak. "They and I" is friendly and hospitable; it opens the door and admits you to a family circle where you are at home at once. A jolly family, not above enjoying a joke at its own expense; a bright and intelligent family,

with the paternal literary talent repeating itself in Veronica's philosophical dissertation upon the proper management of grown-ups. It is just the book for the countless other intelligent families that compose this favoured nation.

**"Mr. Justice Raffles."** No doubt Raffles was an agreeable thief, and as moral as a thief can be, but the obliquity of "Mr. Justice Raffles" (Smith, Elder) remains, to our minds, a stumbling-block to appreciation. One ought to be able to laugh at this story of the biter bit, and to follow breathlessly Raffles's exploits in burglary; but somehow an obsolete moral code persists in spoiling the fun. We did not enjoy "Mr. Justice Raffles," and we found it uncongenial, even as a well-written railway novel. But Raffles is such a successful person that it must be our fault, and not his.

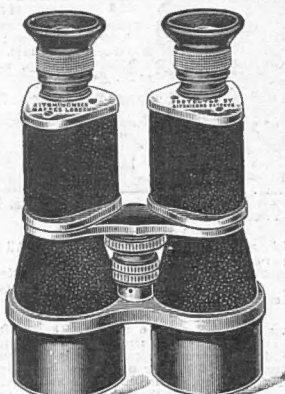
**"The Return of the Petticoat."** "The Return of the Petticoat" (Harpers) is a book that might be read with one's tongue in one's cheek, and only the directness of the author redeems it from ridicule. It is the romance of a woman in man's clothes, a woman, be it understood, by no means a gentle Rosalind. No playing the shepherd here! Sybil Dathan found life as a woman uncomfortable, and became a man, with the very natural result that she soon discovered herself in an untenable position, and was glad to revert to her former identity. It is a fantastic plot, but Mr. Deeping works it out with extreme seriousness. We could pick several holes in his story, but this is not the place to discuss its weaknesses. Truth, stranger than fiction, has its examples of such masquerading successfully carried out; but Sybil Dathan's position seems to us to have possessed exceptional difficulties.

**"The Lordship of Love" and "Gianella."** "The Lordship of Love" (Hutchinson) and "Gianella" (Methuen) deal with Italian life, and both the Baroness von Hutten and Mrs. Hugh Fraser have a sympathetic understanding of the Roman temperament. They take different ways of showing it, but the two books are worth reading consecutively, for the sake of their common atmosphere. Gianella, the Swedish girl who was brought up by an Italian working-woman, identifies herself with her adopted race: Beatrice Cavaleone, who possesses genius, becomes an inhabitant of a far wider world than the narrow streets of her birthplace. The Baroness von Hutten has brought her delineation of the artistic temperament to perfection, and she has done nothing better than this study of a great singer in the making and in the heyday of her triumph.

**"This Day's Madness."** Very British are the Prestons in "This Day's Madness" (Methuen), full of an inverted snobbery that Miss Maude Annesley describes, let us hope, for the warning of the race. They are overdrawn, the author being a little morbid about the national failing. The details of Pamela Preston's married life are curious, and repellent, and it is only too obvious that she was unfortunate in her choice first of a husband and then of a lover. She seems to have been a young woman of bad judgment, but that is fortunate for Miss Annesley, who makes a fine, full-blooded romance out of her misadventures.

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